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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is very difficult to sift the facts of the situation in Russia; and even more difficult to see them in their true perspective. We have all "supped full of horrors" this week, and are hardly yet sufficiently recovered to think. Civil bloodshed is always especially horrible, and firing on an unarmed crowd is more horrible than civil war. Be the merits what they may, the moral shock to Europe is intelligible. Still it ought not to be allowed to paralyse judgment. It appears fairly certain that an industrial strike in S. Petersburg, abnormal only in the immense number of the strikers, was turned to account—rightly or wrongly—by political revolutionary societies, and an industrial movement was converted into a political demonstration. The strikers in a mass—amounting in numbers to a large army—marched to the Winter Palace to present a petition to the Tsar asking for parliamentary government and a number of other political and social concessions. The industrial claims were exactly parallel with those made in most great strikes everywhere, the main issue being the recognition of the men's society by the employers as the medium of negotiation.

The fixed intention of the strikers was to reach the Tsar directly. Their whole demeanour seems to have been peaceful and orderly. When they reached the palace, the Tsar did not communicate with them. The crowd were told by the authorities to halt and not enter the palace precincts; but in their determination, apparently, to get at the Tsar they would not regard the commands of the authorities, but insisted on pushing on in spite of them. Thereupon the Kazaks tried to keep them back with whips, and, when that failed, the military were ordered to fire first blank cartridges and then with ball. Many of the crowd were killed and a very large number wounded. Panic and disorder, of course, followed. General Trepoff has since been appointed by the Tsar Governor-General of S. Petersburg with the powers of a dictator. Forceful repression seems to be preserving external order; but the strike still spreads, extending to Moscow and some other

places. Outside S. Petersburg there have been violent collisions with the authorities in Finland and elsewhere, but on a comparatively small scale.

On these facts two points in the situation seem to stand out clearly: the absurdity of describing this émeute as a revolution and the failure of the Tsar to grasp the situation. He has lost the opportunity of his life. One disregards of course the silly stories of the journalists about his flight and his putting to sea—he would have been a wonderful man if he had put to sea in the time—but he must be convicted, as it seems to us, of lamentable failure to rise to the occasion. Had he gone out to meet the people, he might have saved the whole situation; he probably would have saved the bloodshed even if he had not seen his way to grant any of the political demands. Very possibly he might have been assassinated—not by any of the strikers, but there would probably be some members of the secret societies present—and in such circumstances a ruler should be as ready to risk his life as a general on the battlefield. And if he did sacrifice his life, it would almost certainly result in spontaneous rallying round the throne. It is quite likely, of course, that it was more error of judgment than want of courage; and he may yet partially redeem his mistake, but never wholly.

Where the fault lies, or if there was fault, in the firing on the crowd and the consequent bloodshed is not easy to determine. There is no difficulty, of course, in holding up hands of pious horror and shrieking "massacre"; that is the popular way of settling the question. The horror of the thing we know; it is a similar horror, on a much larger scale, to the shooting of two persons amongst the coal-strikers in Yorkshire some time since. The authorities in S. Petersburg were confronted by an enormous crowd that insisted in defiance of lawful authority on entering the palace precincts. No one capable of thinking on the matter will deny the danger of allowing such a crowd to do that; no Government would have allowed it. Could the crowd be stopped by any other means? We have said that if the Tsar had got in touch with the crowd, peace might have been preserved. Possibly the Grand-Dukes might have saved the position by parleying with the strikers before they got so far. But in default of that, it is at least quite doubtful if the executive officers, charged with keeping order, are to be blamed for directing the soldiers to fire. Was there any other way in which they could keep the crowd back? Sympathy

with the sufferers ought not to be incompatible with at least an attempt to be fair to the authorities.

We cannot pretend to have any great respect for the ecstatic sympathy now paraded all round us or for the ranting denunciation of the Russian Government. By the bulk of the press the whole thing is hypocritically turned to account to gratify popular prejudice. Incidents, precisely similar in nature though smaller in scale, happen elsewhere and the public heart is not touched at all. One would think, to hear people talk, that Englishmen had never in all history used force to repress an inconvenient movement. It is quite possible that those who talk in this way are so ignorant as really to believe it; if not, such talk is sheer cant. It must be admitted that the Radicals and Socialists can with least contortion wear this purist face, for they have at any rate always professed to regard all methods of force with horror; but what of Conservative jingoes, who felt not a qualm at the massacre of Armenian revolutionaries, who never tire of urging drastic coercion for Ireland and invariably side with the capitalist, and are ever against the striker and the trade-union? Do they expect anyone to believe in their zeal for labour—in Russia?

Some ingenious inferences as to the more immediate destination of the Baltic fleet have been drawn from the articles of insurance of sixteen Hamburg-American vessels, which it may be presumed are taking cargoes for Admiral Rojdestvensky. The insurance was made on the understanding that the destination was a neutral harbour and that the vessels did not pass east of Colombo. As the fleet has left Madagascar and has not been seen off the coast of Africa it is tolerably certain that it has steamed East; and if it is not to go further East than longitude 80°, it is a more than plausible inference that its next resting place will be some of the smaller Pacific islands more or less east of Madagascar. The French have recently come into possession of several of them with tolerable harbours; and the vaguenesses of French neutral laws, together with the laxity that is inseparable from remote and unconsidered islands of the East, may help Admiral Rojdestvensky to make prolonged use of such harbourage. From Port Arthur is no other news than a journalist's attack on General Stössel for his surrendering. It is however satisfactory that his inspection of the hospitals showed that only one shell had struck them and that little damage was done. A Russian force appears to have crossed the Hun-Ho and attacked the Japanese left flank on the 25th. There is a report that it was driven back with a loss of four field guns.

The evidence before the Paris Commission will not be very interesting till the Russian case, about the details of which we know little, is positively illustrated, and of this illustration we have yet no sign. During the week only British witnesses have been examined, and most of their evidence is a repetition of that given before the Board of Trade. Indeed the chief effort of the Russian cross-questioning was to show discrepancies between the evidence given at the Commission and before the Board of Trade; and Admiral Dubassoff took great trouble to indicate that one witness was contradictory on the duration of the firing, but the points are immaterial. A little more progress was made at Thursday's sitting. The Russian Agent fastened eagerly on the evidence of Skipper Green of the "Gull", who momentarily mistook the "Crane", after her lights went out, for a torpedo-boat; and the rather muddled replies of the witness helped him. But the evidence cuts both ways; and since the Russian Agent argued that his supposed mistake was no mistake, it is curious that the opposite point of view was not brought out. If Skipper Green mistook the "Crane" for a torpedo-boat, how easily a Russian might have made a similar error. Perhaps the most important point established on our part was that the search-lights were turned full on the damaged trawlers before firing began.

M. Rouvier has formed his Ministry and public attention in France is now directed to the reception it will

have in the Chamber, which met on Friday. As we anticipated, M. Delcassé remains at the Foreign Office, and M. Pelletan is ejected from the Ministry of Marine. As to the posts occupied by others no one either in France or outside cares much, but in general it may be noted that M. Rouvier remains, so far as he can in the circumstances, faithful to his Gambettist traditions. M. Etienne, one of the most brilliant of Gambetta's young men, takes the Interior but everyone is asking why not the Colonies, his own special subject, as to which all Europe knows his competence, but such curious shifting of rôles is incidental to the construction of all cabinets. M. Rouvier has had no easy task in satisfying all ambitions. Needless to say he has failed. The important question is whether he has avoided alienating any one group altogether. None has neglected through over-modesty to press his own claims. The democratic Left remained sitting in permanence for a whole day in a restaurant near the Luxembourg until they learned whether or not their demands had been complied with. M. Gauthier, their standard-bearer, becomes Minister of Public Works in place of M. Jean Dupuy of the Republican Union.

M. Sarrien, President of the Radical Left, declined office, but M. Bienvenu-Martin, President of the Radical-Socialist Left, and M. Dubief, President of the Radical-Socialist Extreme Left, have secured portfolios. MM. Berteaux, Ruau and Clémentel are also ministers and with three Under-Secretaries besides it might be anticipated that the groups of the Left would be satisfied but it appears that they are not, for the section commanded by M. Bienvenu-Martin has already proclaimed that it intends to undertake no responsibility from the fact that its President is in the Cabinet and "reserves its liberty of action". The outlook therefore is not altogether rosy and unless M. Rouvier intends to pursue a policy of Combesism without Combes he will probably lose the support of some of the hungry ones. After all, the more ministries the more ministers. Much will depend upon the way M. Berteaux deals with General Peigné. If he makes an example of him for the warning of informers generally, he may alienate one or more groups, for the Freemasons have issued their fiat against any interference with the General. M. Rouvier's record leads us to hope for a firm stand, for it was he who had the courage to eject General Boulanger from his Cabinet in 1887 in spite of Radical clamours and yet he retained office till the fall of M. Grévy and the election of M. Carnot.

The Hungarian elections have assumed the character which all observers feared for them. We hear almost daily of stabbings, shootings, ears torn off, and even of deaths inflicted by lethal weapons. It is only fair to say that these outrages have as a rule been commenced by the extreme Catholic party egged on by the most ignorant and fanatical of the country priesthood. Count Zichy, formerly a leader of the clericals, has seceded and taken up an independent position, counselling moderation and compromise. We wish we could anticipate that his excellent advice would receive the attention it deserves. An attempt is being made to involve the question of Roumanian nationality in the conflict, but half the candidates nominated on the nationalist platform refuse to stand. Count Tisza's utterances on the matter go far to justify his regard as a cool-headed statesman. While admitting that a natural sympathy exists between the Roumanians in Hungary and the kingdom of Roumania, he points out that a strong Austria-Hungary is necessary to the existence of that kingdom. Perhaps the most ominous feature of the whole election is the evident growth of Hungarian feeling in the direction of economic separation from Austria.

The United States Senate is distressed over President Roosevelt's independence in the matter of San Domingo; and, as their way is, wish to hamper him when he shows any inclination to take advantage of the one virtue of the republican constitution which gives the executive so much opportunity for immediate action. But apart from the process there is no disapproval of his action. The Dominican half of the Republic of

Haiti has been long in trouble through the changes and disputes which the neighbourhood of South America entails and this is made the excuse for issuing a sort of fiscal protectorate. The United States takes over full management of the fiscal affairs of San Domingo, on the agreement that it makes over to the Government 45 per cent. of the dues collected. The immediate reason for the step is disputable, but it is not unlikely that the arrangement is made less on account of the insolvency of San Domingo than from political considerations connected with the neighbouring Isthmus.

Mr. Balfour seems to have been in better vein at Manchester on Thursday than in one or two of his recent speeches. Perhaps he had a more lively subject, a subject at any rate he could treat with more freedom than non-party and international questions. Mr. Balfour especially deserves thanks for avoiding all allusion to the Russian crisis—some small fry might benefit by his example. Mr. Morley will hardly, we fear, let the worthy Brechin people profit by his speech in the way Mr. Balfour wittily suggested; for he can always say this and that ought to have been put in to make Mr. Balfour's fiscal position clear; Mr. Morley will ride off, but the plain man will hold him beaten. It is very satisfactory to find Mr. Balfour committing himself to the view that the problem of religious teaching can be settled only on the lines of parental choice—which means the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause. He did not over-colour the difficulties waiting for a Liberal Government, though doubtless the dazzling victory of North Dorset will blind them for the moment to any but golden visions.

This seems to be one of the few weeks since Mr. Balfour reconstructed his Ministry in which actually not a single member of the Government has written a protesting, encouraging, or apologetic letter to the public press. At least, we happen not to have observed such a letter since Mr. Arnold-Forster ten days or a fortnight ago favoured the Liberal press with some explanation of his literary and fiscal affairs, suffering himself gladly to be drawn by so doughty a controversialist as Sir John Brunner M.P. One day it is Mr. Arnold-Forster, another Lord Selborne, a third Mr. Lyttelton, a fourth Mr. Wyndham, seduced into correspondence chiefly with the Liberal press on account of some picture or other or paragraph. They nearly all "stoop to folly" in the same way. The Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister seem alone to hold out—the virgins of the Front Bench and Woolsack—and the reason why the latter is so easily able to resist the temptation is very obvious.

Writing plaintive, complimentary or indignant letters to the press, writing at all indeed, always conveys an impression of weakness. Some political leaders will write an agonised letter saying "in your otherwise excellent report of my speech, you report me as using the word 'a' instead of 'an'"; and so on. But it is much worse when the minister writes a letter complimenting the Opposition editor on a well-deserved reputation for fairness but protesting against this or that inference being drawn from some speech or other—which everybody has forgotten. The protesting minister and the protesting or explanatory or grateful author are painfully weak people as a rule—at any rate have a very weak spot. The Liberal newspapers could, if they chose, cure the minister easily, by printing his letter in bourgeois or something still smaller; but of course they know their business too well for this.

If not a genius, the late Bishop of Llandaff was a sincere, honest, and painstaking man. Three points may be noted in connexion with his long episcopate. In the first place it was identified with a great movement in church building, thanks to which the Church in Wales has to some extent kept pace with the great increase of population in the coal-field in South Wales. Secondly, the episcopate showed a certain recognition of Welsh nonconformity. Whether the Bishop, however, did not go too far in showing special favour to nonconformist ministers who took holy orders is a nice question. Certainly at one time his action in this

respect created some heart-burnings among the majority of his clergy. Thirdly, and the most important in this episcopate, a vigorous attempt was made, so far as the diocese of Llandaff was concerned, to check the abuse of the appointment to Welsh livings of clergymen ignorant of the Welsh language. In the legal battle which the Bishop fought with a powerful nobleman on the point he was completely successful. His successor certainly should be a Welshman, and as the field of selection is limited the appointment should not be long delayed.

Public interest in the report of the Coal Commission is chiefly centred on the verdict that our supply is good for at least another four hundred years, but it is quite certain that this estimate is too conjectural to be of any real value. Mr. Balfour, who said some years ago, in his Micawber vein, that he refused to take the question of our coal supply seriously because some other force was sure to turn up, will be interested to see that the commission plumps for coal as the force of the future. The value even of oil as a substitute at any rate for England is unexpectedly minimised. On one head the commission entered into the polemics of the subject. They urge keenly the wisdom of exporting coal, chiefly on the ground that the amount exported always enables the mines to be worked steadily. That is true enough, but the argument, as well as many of the statistics of the commission, emphasise the fact that coal constitutes the bulk of our capital and that we are spending it at an uncomfortable rate.

There are on the market sixty tons of coffee which have been thoroughly well soaked in the Thames and deluged with sewage bacilli. Perhaps if the drinker cannot identify his coffee it may not matter, since Mr. Cecil Chapman, the magistrate who was asked to order its destruction, adopted the view that roasting had destroyed the bacilli. This is not sufficient to make it harmless in the opinion of some of the medical witnesses, though others declared that it is effectual. One of them asked, Does roasting make putrid meat wholesome? That sounds very much to the point. The coffee is said at any rate to be "off-flavour", and the intending partaker might be asked "Will you take coffee or mud?" Altogether the case, if not the coffee, leaves a somewhat nasty taste in the mouth; but we hope the doctors who predicted that it would not produce "gastro-intestinal disturbances" will turn out to be right.

Professor Ray Lankester is still tilting at Greek. We have discovered a possible explanation of his animosity. Is it not well observed that classical culture makes for courteous manners? In his last letter to the "Times" he quotes, also at length, the views of an anonymous friend, who at any rate differs from some other men of science in expressing himself gracefully. But we have not seen a more courageous *petitio principii*. "The strength of our attack", he writes, "lies in the greater importance of learning things than of learning words". The statement ignores the essence of the case. Language is the instrument of thought and as such the key to all education. The Germans, so freely quoted by men of science, hold this strongly. Dr. Hofmann, and there could be no better authority, announced that "according to the unanimous opinion of experienced teachers", the pupils from the Gymnasium, though they naturally start the course with a deficiency of knowledge, ultimately "almost without exception" overtake the graduates of the Realschulen in science and mathematics, because they have studied at school not science and mathematics but language.

We hear with great concern of serious neglect of the ruins of the temple of Arsenoë Aphrodite at Aboukir. Our readers will remember the announcement of the discovery not long since. The site is very probably that of the ancient Canopus, and some authorities associate these ruins with Catullus' story of the offering of Berenice's locks. One would have thought that such a monument would be safe in the keeping of the Alexandria Museum with the assistance of the Government. Negotiations were in fact opened with Omar Toussoun Pasha, on whose estate are the ruins, and he at once

granted permission for researches to be undertaken. But there, with what appears to be a criminal neglect, the matter was allowed to rest, without the slightest effort on the part of the authorities to protect the structure. The consequences are to-day sadly manifest. The greater part of the mosaic pavements, whose designs were quite intact on the day of their exposure to the light last summer, are now irremediably injured by the winter rains, as well as by the abuses of the building at the hands of the ignorant peasantry or workmen. Through one or the other of these two causes, portions of the pavements, when not destroyed, have been broken apart, and the fragments lie in a confused heap.

Still more inexcusable is the wanton tampering with the walls and catacombs, either within or adjoining the building. Workmen apparently have been there to steal pieces of masonry, thereby spoiling the architectural form and symmetry time had left untouched. Whose workmen these were and by whose orders they were acting, is so far a matter of pure conjecture. The circumstance has aroused deep and general indignation throughout Egypt, so that a thorough investigation of the scandal may be hoped for. It was surely a grave omission on the part of the Administration not to appropriate the site the moment the discovery was announced. But what is to be said for the authorities of Alexandria? Did not they also leave the remains of Taposiris totally neglected and defenceless? The Service des Antiquités in Cairo may not be altogether blameless, but that department, under the able direction of Monsieur Maspero, accomplishes a marvellous work around Cairo and in Upper Egypt (such as the colossal task upon which M. Legrain has been engaged at Karnak) with an extremely scanty budget at its disposal. Wealthy Alexandria can plead no such excuse.

It is satisfactory that Lord Stanley's reply to the deputation on the disfigurement of scenery was sympathetic. Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. E. N. Buxton put the case with good sense and feeling. Lord Farrer's reminiscence of Lord Granville was very apt and pleasing: "I wonder whether the peace of Europe, which was to be preserved by that telegraph wire, was worth those beautiful beeches." The Post Office have committed many sins of the kind lately; it was high time they were brought to book.

The appetite of sane people for record rounds and record breaks was long since sated. There are a large number of people of deranged or undeveloped intellect who chiefly live for the purpose of reading about the records in games and sports which they themselves play only with the mouth. But sensible people soon weary of cricket figures or billiard. It appears that John Roberts made another "record" the other evening, that is under the revised billiard rules. The mere beating of previous records is of no interest or importance, but it is really interesting that he should make a break of between eight and nine hundred points in spite of the fact that he has only lately returned to professional billiards and match-play. His is a very miracle of a billiard life. Perhaps old John Roberts—the discoverer by an accident of the spot stroke—and his son will go down to fame as the alpha and omega of billiards.

We are glad to note by inference that the imperial library at Potsdam holds a copy of the New English Dictionary. In a letter delightfully free from royal self-consciousness, the German Emperor has just expressed his regret at the death of Mr. Corbould, who once had the Empress Frederick as a pupil. The devotion of the son flashes forth in a few plain words which go straight home. But he speaks of Corbould as an "aquarellist". It sounds very like a description of some astronomer who has specialised in the Zodiacal constellation—why should astronomy tend to be so sesquipedalian?—which the sun enters in January. But it appears to be merely a euphemism for water-colour painter.

THE RUSSIAN CRISIS.

TO compare the events which have been happening in Russia with the beginning of the French Revolution; to find in the present upheaval of Russian disaffection an outward and visible token of a rising similar to that of the French populace of 1798 is to confess absolute ignorance of the vital difference in the two situations. The French nation, supported, it must be observed, by the army, was sick and weary of the reigning dynasty, of the nobility and the upper classes who were feeding a life of frivolity and ease with the very heart's blood of the people. The latter felt itself strong enough in unity and agreement to throw off the shackles of bondage, riveted to keep it down by the King and his satellites. The homogeneous disposition of France, its comparatively limited territorial extent and compactness, contrasting so strongly with the actual distribution of Russia, enabled the French revolutionists rapidly to unite on their march to the capital, to the strains of the "Marseillaise", with swelling ranks and a feeling of certainty that Paris would meet them with open arms, and that once there, they would become complete masters of the situation. Would-be revolutionists in Russia, on the other hand, must, from the outset, find insuperable difficulties to prevent their acting in concert in any appreciable numbers. In the first place there is the great size of the country, its comparative sparseness of population, its want of means of communication; secondly there are the supine ignorance and utter apathy concerning all State matters of the peasantry which after all forms the bulk of the nation. Moreover unlike the peasantry of France during the eighteenth century, the Russian peasants have no animosity or grudge against the higher classes and nobility, the majority of whom are anxious for the peasants' interests, and would hardly associate themselves with any violent revolutionary movement. The educated and intelligent community in fact will probably confine its action, at any rate for some time to come, to an emphasised reiteration of the programme of desired reforms recently set forth by the zemstvo delegates. In spite of the frequent attempts to discount its loyal tenacity, the army stands apart, first, because the solemn oath of allegiance given by an orthodox Russian on entering its ranks forms a well-nigh indissoluble bond with his religious conviction of duty to the throne; and secondly the soldier has nothing to gain and everything to lose in the tremendous risk he incurs by playing the traitor to his Tsar.

These are a few of the factors which would effectually quench a rising national conflagration. The present disturbance, as is generally known, originated in the first instance from a strike of Government factory hands, who demanded the introduction of certain changes in their regulations and the grant of various concessions of an ordinary industrial type. Their demands being ignored, the flame of revolt against the authorities quickly spread, fanned by the organisers and directors of the strike, in the shape of the labour leagues—a mild form of trades-unions. The social democrats at once made use of the opportunity, as they do on all such occasions, and rushed into the affray for the furtherance of their own political ends. A general demonstration of all available refractories was immediately determined upon, with instructions to assemble in the palace square. The 50,000 strikers thus recruited by various political agitators, by the unemployed and the riffraff of the capital soon grew into a formidable crowd of rioters about 80,000 strong, liable at any moment to become an inflammatory menace to the whole city. A priest with ikons and a sprinkling of women and children were deftly added to the throng with a view to mollifying the military who were known to be in strong force guarding the street-approaches to the palace. The organisers evidently reckoned that the soldiers would either refuse to fire on such a crowd or that if they did so and injured the sacred ikons or killed some of the women and children, the sympathy of outsiders could be turned to considerable advantage on the side of the rioters. The orders issued to the military in such circumstances were naturally to disperse the rioters and prevent them by every means

from gaining the precincts of the palace. The first measure adopted was the order for the Kazaks to attack the crowd with their whips, a less dangerous method, perhaps, than even our own police practice with the baton. But the concourse of insurgents was too great and too determined for the Kazaks to deal with; and the next order was to fire a volley of blank cartridges. This however had no better result, whilst the mob was growing in numbers and fierceness. At last the extreme measures usually adopted in our own and other countries in cases of riotous uproar were resorted to—the only difference being that no Riot Act was read—the order was issued to fire loaded cartridges. Then inevitably happened what we have seen placarded in our streets in such sensational terms—"Slaughter of women and children". That the strikers were permitted to approach in such great numbers almost to the precincts of the Winter Palace indicates that the action of the authorities was not after all so drastically cruel and oppressive as is generally asserted abroad. Compared with our socialist demonstrations in Trafalgar Square—when the agitators were rigorously confined to their place of meeting, with the threat of penalty if they attempted to move; and of reading the Riot Act, followed by its serious consequences—the Russian mob, which in numbers and composition was infinitely more dangerous, was it seems to us given an almost unmerited license. The Tsar unfortunately, with all his good and conscientious intentions for the welfare of his people, has made two grave mistakes in this lamentable crisis. Prevention being better than cure, a hearing might have been given to the original complaints of the strikers limited to their conditions of employment, and, by way of compromise certain concessions might have been made. But when, failing this, the revolt had spread to such threatening dimensions, when the entire capital was trembling in anticipation of some dire national calamity; when the whole country indeed and the world at large were watching with bated breath for the issue of this, the first serious collision between the people and the throne, the Tsar would have done well had he found the courage and the will to appear in public, and had he chosen to admit at least the delegates of the strikers to his presence. Had he even faced the danger of being shot at, he could not have had a finer opportunity of proving the sincerity of his desire to acquaint himself with the real wants and needs of his people. He would have given a tangible proof and lasting testimony of his oft repeated expressions of love and anxiety for them, and would have solidly strengthened the bonds of loyalty to his crown and devotion to the sacred inviolability of his dynasty.

Let us turn from the originally non-political aspect of the strike and its more serious issues to the general attitude of the Russian nation during the last year. That a perceptible note of discontent has been echoing throughout the country, no one would wish to deny. But the main cause of the existing disaffection is not, as is commonly supposed, an ever-growing objection to autocracy. The movement led in December last by the zemstvos was not an effort on their part to subvert the ancient fundamental prerogatives of the Tsar. Rather was it a sign of a strong desire to displace the powerful, impervious bulkhead, the irresponsible, corrupt bureaucracy which stands between the Tsar and the nation. The present war and its disastrous consequences have more than ever convinced the nation that Russia has outgrown her ancient régime, that the power of the autocracy is weakened rather than supported by the executive, whose policy is to prevent the voice of the people from reaching the ear of the Tsar. The great reforms inaugurated by the Tsar Liberator Alexander II. have only affected the surface of the social condition of the people; they have left untouched the lower stratum, the agricultural class, the centre where beat the heart and pulse of Russian nationality. There, in the depths of Russian rural life, the peasant continues to eke out a dull and silent existence in the slothful sleep of ignorance and stolid endurance of want and misery. What the intelligent Russian patriot with his country's real interests at heart actually wants at present is that the Tsar should

sever himself from the family clique which dominates him, and bestow his full confidence upon some statesman able and willing to execute a moderate but comprehensive system of reform. Such a system should certainly begin at the base of the present social status of the country. The harbinger of any reforms would have to be a scheme for a wide-reaching popular education, which would tend to raise the peasant from his gross ignorance and helplessness, and teach him the use of improved methods for cultivating the land. Aid should be provided by some financial scheme to better his material condition. Those who have carefully studied the growth and expansion of the power of bureaucracy in Russia during the last four reigns and watched its baneful abuse of that power cannot have failed to perceive that intellectual development for the peasant has been barred under lock and key by a suspicious, distrustful officialdom. In any adequate scheme of reform the tenure and taxation of the land would have to be readjusted, and equal rights granted to the peasant as a citizen of the empire. Certain concessions might also be conferred with a view to slackening the present stringent measures of muzzling the press. Finally the zemstvos, who are de facto the representatives of the people, should at any rate be restored the prerogatives conceded to them by the last decree signed by Alexander II. a few hours before his death, and ruthlessly set aside by the reactionaries who triumphed during the reign of the late Tsar.

As already remarked the heterogeneous, scattered elements constituting "All the Russias" preclude the idea of union for a general revolution. Yet the very fact that the requirements and rights of each element are at variance equally precludes any possibility of a united opinion which shall settle the question of the kind of government necessary and acceptable to all. If we examine the whole subject of the successive struggles for rights and reforms and take into consideration the complex factors at work, it is on the face of it surely useless to apply our Western notions of remedy to a country like Russia on constitutional principles as we say. The dominant opinion among us would seem to be that Russia's salvation depends upon converting by a stroke of the Imperial pen what has practically been a paternal government for centuries into a vox populi constitution, and that a nation consisting chiefly of recently emancipated slaves shall be suddenly metamorphosed into an able and conscientious body of electors. What would be the opinion of the elector and the taxpayer of the British empire were the population of our Indian possessions suddenly converted into a similar body of elective assemblies or states-general? What indeed would be the consequences of suddenly grafting on to a nation of some two hundred millions a constitution which has been the slow growth of centuries in a country like our own? The very idea is absurd. The most satisfactory form of government for Russia is a legislative assembly, like the zemstvos say, acting only as an advisory committee to the State Council of the empire, under the presidency of the Emperor, and with rights of direct access to the Tsar on all matters concerning the people. Every nationality has characteristics suitable for the peculiar form of government which has grown out of its history. Autocracy has been the chief evolution of Russian history. Old as are the claims of bureaucracy, this last is in reality but an alien importation. In the zemstvos we can trace the germs of a purely national evolution. Let the zemstvos but once grow and reach to the level of the imperial throne, and there can be little fear but that in the words of the recent address presented to the Tsar by the Agricultural Society of Podgolvkov:

"The whole of orthodox Russia will rise to defend the one and indivisible autocratic rule, the dearest heritage of Russia, and the foundation of her power and prosperity."

THE COMING NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE important statement made by Lord Selborne that the new scheme for the distribution and mobilisation of the fleet would be put to the test in the summer months of 1905 and 1906 has been followed

up by an early issue of the General Idea of what is to take place in the near future. The manoeuvres promised differ from anything of the kind hitherto undertaken in that no geographical limit is set to their scope, no time-period defined for their duration and no fleet excepted from their embrace. The Russo-Japanese war has taught in less than twelve months that which sea officers of all countries have been trying to impress upon their nationals for many years—namely, that it is not only an expensive but fatal error to be caught napping upon the water. The question of who shall command the sea is one of life or death for an island power, and the lesson is never likely to be forgotten here.

It may be gathered from the scheme of the memorandum that the Admiralty does not contemplate mobilising ships in the reserve, at all events on any considerable scale, and perhaps the struggle in the Far East has to some extent influenced the programme in this respect, for it is well to run no risk of offending others unwittingly. But really the plan resolved upon does not involve any necessity for general mobilisation as the idea supposes a condition of strained relationship only, which diplomacy might successfully remove without resort to a trial of physical strength. The utmost tact would be essential during the continuance of a situation of the kind presumed. Therefore by carrying out the manoeuvres on the lines suggested the naval conditions resemble closely those which would prevail on the actual occurrence of such a state of affairs as that assumed in the memorandum.

Manœuvres in the past have been disappointing for many reasons. They have certainly afforded valuable opportunities for tactical exercise and for giving officers experience in handling the various types of craft which go to make up the fighting strength of a modern navy, as well as for showing up defects in vessels which might otherwise have passed unnoticed, excepting, however, manœuvres of 1903 which did not include the navy as a whole and which were in fact limited in space by the conditions imposed, their geographical range has been circumscribed, and in consequence the strategy practised has had a merely local effect. Squadrons have been exercised in watertight compartments, and knowledge of the length of time for which operations were to last has driven the all-important coaling question too often into the background and sometimes compelled admirals to adopt lines of action which were not in accordance with those they would follow in real warfare. For the first time we are about to witness world-wide manœuvres extending to all seas, manœuvres which call for the co-operation of admirals on distant stations with those commanding in waters nearer home. Flag-officers will have much to arrange for and prepare against between now and next summer and the time allowed them is scarcely too long for a proper interchange of views, taking into consideration the magnitude of the task briefly explained in the memorandum. As no time is specified for the manœuvres to last and no hint of a time limit given, coal strategy will at last take the place its importance deserves and arrangements for docking, coaling, victualling and the supply of ammunition will require to be given a greater measure of attention than has been bestowed upon them on past occasions. But perhaps the most striking and novel feature in the General Idea is the set of circumstances under which the proposed manœuvres are prescribed to take place: the political position granted, grave responsibility is thrown on individual officers who must temper alertness with discretion; "shadowing" is one of the most difficult duties the seaman can be called upon to perform; it requires the constant exercise of delicate qualities throughout that interval of suspense which must inevitably precede a rupture of diplomatic negotiations. The power, or powers, with whom differences are supposed to have arisen is, or are, rather more hypothetical than usual, for the scheme as laid down gives ingenuity no reckonings to play with and renders it impossible to find analogies and deduce therefrom that their Lordships must have been thinking of some particular foreign power or powers, and so set Berehaven to represent Gibraltar or Lagos Brest and so on. Given the programme, no one

can forecast the quarter to which attention will need to be primarily directed, for that must depend on the strategy adopted by the Red side. At the beginning of operations two unfriendly squadrons will be cruising in European or West Atlantic waters and a third may be looked for in a more remote sea—possibly somewhere in the vicinity of Australia. All of this is vague enough; single ships of the Red side will also be found hanging about the trade routes in a suspicious manner; beyond this nothing more is yet known. The points on which our battle fleets ordinarily rest have been deliberately selected as being the best strategic positions with respect to the general balance of sea power in the world, therefore at these bases in times of abnormal tension the battle fleets may generally speaking be expected to be found; the policy of fixing on strategic centres for fleet bases to serve the purposes both of war and peace, though old as the hills, is scarcely yet fully understood by the majority of landmen, but amongst its many recommendations it has this very important one, that the efforts of Government to maintain peace are not hampered by any ostentatious concentration of force at unusual points when relations become strained. Detaching ships from one squadron to reinforce another as may be deemed advisable according to intelligence received can as a rule be easily carried out without provoking comment, and a notable example of this occurred a few weeks ago, which shows how secretly such movements can be managed.

In a campaign of "intelligence", and that is what the manœuvres of 1905 amount to, it is not probable that battle fleets will be much in evidence, though on the outbreak of hostilities they are certain to become very much so and in 1906 we shall hear plenty about their doings; for the present it is sufficient to note that the memorandum, referring to the battle fleets, states they will remain in the neighbourhood of "some central strategic position"—the use of the singular makes the meaning somewhat ambiguous. The Blue cruisers are likely enough to have a severe test before them for their work will be very far from light but the recent linking up of East with West gives them a better chance of keeping touch with both friend and possible foe than they could ever have had under the old lack of system. The risks of failure through breakdowns ought to be reduced to a minimum, for the ships engaged will be in permanent commission. Flag officers of cruiser squadrons and cruiser captains should therefore get a fair chance of being able to show the stuff they are made of. A great deal may depend upon whether the Blue side can solve the main problem set it: many people in the Southern Commonwealth are inclined to hold heterodox views on naval defence; if the Blues are successful in keeping touch with the Red squadrons and raiders, Australians may be induced to see their situation from a broader standpoint than they have yet taken and brought to realise the great principle that "the sea is all one". We hazard a guess that they will find the third Red squadron not very far from their own shores. The general manœuvres of 1905 bear an imperial stamp; they have a far greater interest for the colonies, for the empire, than any of their predecessors and this thought should put every officer upon his mettle; they have the advantage in one respect over those promised for the summer of 1906 that, once war is considered to have been declared, it will become necessary to fall back upon a certain amount of conventional makebelieve, whilst this year a fairly close approach can be made to actual probabilities on account of the assumption that a state of peace still exists.

THE CAUSES OF DEARER SUGAR.

IT is probable that iterated attention will be given in the approaching parliamentary session to the question of the appreciable rise in the price of sugar which took place during the last quarter of 1904. We may therefore consider certain facts and statistics which will help to form an accurate and dispassionate view of the causes which have brought about that rise, and the probable price-tendencies in the next few years. Political bias, unfortunately, forms so large a part of the statements and counter-statements with which the daily papers have been recently inundated that such a

statement of facts is absolutely imperative. To get a clear idea of the changes in price which have taken place in recent years the following table has been drawn showing the average price of raw beet sugar imported into the United Kingdom during the last twenty-one years:—

Average Price of Raw Beet Sugar imported into the United Kingdom.

Year.	Price per cwt.		
	Average.	In Highest Year.	In Lowest Year.
1882-1891 ...	14 6	21 2	11 10
1892-1901 ...	10 7	14 5	8 11
1902 ...	7 2	—	—
1903 ...	8 5	—	—
1904 ...	10 2	—	—

These figures contain the kernel of the whole question. In the decade 1882-1891 the average price of imported beet sugar works out at 14s. 6d. per cwt. The prices during the decade ranged from 11s. 10d. in 1887 to 21s. 2d. in 1882. In the next decade the average price fell to 10s. 7d., and ranged from 8s. 11d. in 1897 to 14s. 5d. in 1893. In 1902 prices fell still further to 7s. 2d., while in the next two years increases have been shown. In 1903 the average price was 8s. 5d., while in the year just closed the price works out to 10s. 2d. on the basis of the preliminary figures published by the Board of Trade. It is fair to add that the December imports of raw beet sugar work out to an average price of 13s. 9d. per cwt.

The first fact which strikes one in connexion with these figures is that in the year just closed, when so much has been heard of the extraordinarily and, one might believe, unprecedentedly high price of sugar, the price was still 5d. less than the average of the period 1892-1901. It is 4s. 3d. less than the highest, and only 1s. 3d. more than the lowest, average annual price reached in the decade. Having regard to the ordinary fluctuations in the prices of commodities which are matters of everyday commercial experience, it may we think with much reason be questioned, and even gravely doubted, whether the average price for 1904 is such as to require any special explanation or extenuation. But, it is contended, the present rise is only the pinnacle of an ascent which began in 1902 when the Brussels Convention was agreed to, whereby all bounties, direct or indirect, on all sugars entering into international competition, were abolished. As a mere statement of fact this is perfectly true, and cannot be gainsaid. But if, as is very largely the case, it be contended that the convention and the subsequent rise were causally related to one another, then we must emphatically plead a non sequitur. That a part of the rise in price is due to the abolition of the bounties, and with them the destruction of the sugar-cartels on the Continent, will probably not be questioned. It is generally agreed that the price at which sugar was being sold in this country was, especially in recent years, considerably below the price at which it could be produced. It was mainly in order to restore the natural price, and to ensure greater stability and constancy in the market, that the convention had its origin. This very cheapness, by making the production increasingly unremunerative, must necessarily be followed by a diminution in the area sown. A diminished supply would then ensue, which inasmuch as it may be less than the actual demand must be accompanied by an increase in the price. That, in spite of the bounties, on production or export or both, the prices of recent years were becoming unprofitable and that a rise was inevitable may be gathered from the following table, which is taken from Licht's Circular, on the authority of the International Statistical Union:—

European Beet Root Area during the past five years (in thousand acres).

	1900-1.	1901-2.	1902-3.	1903-4.	1904-5.
Germany ...	1,105	1,192	1,073	1,040	1,028
Austria ...	849	907	760	773	802
France ...	742	704	559	635	473
Russia ...	1,371	1,485	1,499	1,337	1,218
Belgium ...	171	172	131	148	112
Holland ...	114	122	83	101	90
Sweden ...	72	71	61	68	62
Denmark ...	35	37	39	35	35
Other Countries ...	186	260	220	235	220
	4,645	4,950	4,425	4,372	4,040

The sugar-beet area upon which the sugar intended for consumption in the season 1900-1 was grown amounted to 4,645,000 acres. This increased by 305,000 acres in the following season, since when there has been a steady decline in the area sown in each successive season. The area from which the supply for the present season was to be taken was estimated at 4,040,000 acres, which is 332,000 acres or 7·6 per cent. less than the corresponding area for the past season 1903-4. The knowledge that the bounties were to be abolished by the conference which was sitting at Brussels stimulated production in the last year for which these bounties could be obtained, and every available acre of land was sown. The natural result was a considerable over-production with which the market was glutted in the season following the signing of the convention. This certainly explains why in the year 1903 the price was still much below the normal cost of production—about 9s. 6d. per cwt.

While the area sown is a measure of the profits, prospective or realised, which were or might be obtained from sugar-growing, the important information which really determines the selling price is the relation between the amount of sugar actually produced, and the annual consumption. For this purpose the following table is given:—

Estimated production of Sugar, Beetroot and Cane in Europe (from Licht's circulars).

Year.	Production. Met. tons.	Year.	Production. Met. tons.
1898-1899 ...	4,982,000	1902-1903 ...	5,564,000
1899-1900 ...	5,518,000	1903-1904 ...	5,852,000
1900-1901 ...	5,990,000	1904-1905 ...	4,685,000
1901-1902 ...	6,760,000		

The quantity of sugar produced is thus seen to have risen steadily to 6½ million tons for the season 1901-1902, and has fallen almost as steadily since. The figures for the last year show an estimated diminution of 1,167,000 tons on the previous year. Here then we have an effective cause for a very substantial increase in the price of sugar. While the area sown has diminished by 7·6 per cent., the yield of sugar has fallen by almost exactly 20 per cent. This means that the yield of sugar per acre sown has fallen by 15½ per cent., and hence this alone would involve an increase in the cost of production equal to this amount. Add to this the increased difficulty in extracting the sugar juice from a root of smaller average size and containing a smaller percentage of sucrose, and it is clear that the selling price must on these accounts alone rise by at least 20 per cent. The fact that in the year just closed the average price was almost exactly 20 per cent. above the price of the previous year, seems to provide ample justification for the belief that the whole of the present rise is due to the shortage occasioned not by diminished sowings, but rather by the unparalleled drought of the past season on the Continent. The argument may be carried a step further by taking into account the conditions of the world's supply and demand in recent years. For this we are indebted to the figures contained in a letter from Mr. Martineau, which appeared in the "Times" last month. The world's supply of sugar in 1901-2 was 12,050,000 tons; the actual consumption was 10,004,000 tons, thus providing a surplus for the following year of 2,046,000 tons. In the following season (1902-3) the supply was 11,958,000 tons, and the consumption 9,915,000 tons, again leaving a surplus of 2,043,000 tons. In the season which has just closed (1903-4), the supply of sugar amounted to 12,446,000 tons and the consumption rose to 11,019,000 tons, thus again providing a surplus of 1,427,000 tons. Assuming the extra-European sugar production in the season 1904-5 to be the same as in the previous one, the coming year will show a total supply of 10,894,000 tons, which is itself 125,000 tons less than the world's consumption in the previous year, besides providing nothing to carry over till the next season.

TOWARDS BETTER TEACHERS.

AT the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday, when the new scheme of county scholarships was discussed, there was considerable misapprehension amongst members as to what the proposals

really are. The motive, the object, the means and the cost were alike misconceived: and if that is to be said of members of the Council, it should be even more true of the general public. In the Council itself there was indeed no assumption that the Education Committee was simply indulging in a wanton outburst of extravagance: but outside there is reason to believe that a rather widespread impression of this kind exists and is being strengthened by the comments of some newspapers. Whatever else is true of the scheme, however, this is not, for the occasion has arisen not through voluntary action on the part of the Council but from the requirements of the Board of Education under the Act of 1902. What the London County Council is doing in establishing a new scheme of scholarships is what county councils all over England are doing with such modifications as arise from local circumstances. In all of them one of the main objects is "to bring more recruits into the teaching profession and remedy the deficiency which is and must for some time remain acute". This is a quotation from the report of the Gloucestershire County Council; and extracts from those of Northumberland or Manchester and Liverpool might be given to the same effect. They will all no doubt be subjected to local criticism as is the London report; but the main point is that there is a movement going on all over the country as a consequence of the requirements of the Board of Education in which the great object is to establish teaching in the schools on an effective system. The scholarship proposals are regarded as indispensable in accomplishing the object. In Liverpool they have been framed under the advice of Professor Sadler, whose recent official position and great reputation as an education authority have influenced largely the adoption of the scholarship method. He advises that, in order to draw the future pupil teachers to the secondary schools, a scholarship system is necessary, and that the system must be developed.

It is to the recent orders of the Board of Education declaring that in future pupil teachers under the age of sixteen shall no longer be employed and paid wages that we are to trace the so-called increase of the scholarships of the county councils—London amongst the rest. The present pupil-teacher system under which young persons are paid as teachers while they are also pupils in the elementary schools is an expensive and most unsatisfactory arrangement. It has hitherto been indispensable, and may for some time to come so continue, though we trust to a diminishing extent. These pupil teachers are taken from poor families for the most part, and are not to be distinguished socially from the ordinary working-class children with whom they are associated as pupils or teachers. Unless they were paid out of public money they could not be kept at any unremunerative employment by their parents. Schoolmastering in elementary schools does not as a rule repay the sacrifices of poor parents for their children: and it is only in the case of their girls that these parents find the teaching profession affords superior prospects to other vocations open to them. Whether boys and girls as prospective teachers are to be paid by scholarships, or by wages at a period when their services are really not efficient, in either case they have to be paid for by the State. The elementary teachers cannot form an independent self-supporting class unless their pay is increased beyond all present probability; and then they would discover that the supply would be taken from higher social grades whose members have had superior family and educational advantages.

As the payment of pupil teachers under sixteen is no longer to be allowed, this expense has to be met by the London County scholarships. It will be six years before the scholarship scheme is in working order. The aggregate additional expense of the next five years will be £420,000. In the sixth year the additional expense will amount to £141,700, and this sum will be in future the extra cost of the new over the old system. For this amount a halfpenny or three-farthings rate will be sufficient. From the £420,000 must be deducted a considerable sum representing the transitional expenses of tiding over the pupil teachers, who have to be supported during the next two years, by temporary scholarships to take the place of their

salary. If objection be taken to the number of scholarships, about two thousand six hundred a year, it may be noted that on the same scale as a city like Manchester has adopted there would be at least four thousand. The scholars selected between eleven and twelve years of age receive free education in an approved secondary school till the end of the school year in which the scholar reaches fourteen. Until then all are prepared by the curriculum for entering upon any calling or profession for which their circumstances or abilities may be suited, and a number of them will become holders of some of the higher scholarships, which enable exceptional pupils to enter higher educational institutions, or even the Universities. Up to this age, then, the culture of a wider education is supplied to many more children under the new than under the old system. But it is when the age of fourteen is reached that criticism begins to assail the county council's plan. The council need about thirteen hundred teachers a year to supply wastage, and they have thought it necessary to induce sixteen hundred of their scholarship-holders annually, at the age of fourteen, to announce their intention of becoming pupil teachers at sixteen, in order to retain their scholarships till that age. This has met with opposition from the Teachers' Union. The teachers urge that the scholarship system and the training of pupil teachers should be kept distinct one from the other. They complain that the scheme is not one for encouraging ability but for making teachers. Others as well as they take this view and at the same time object to the expense. But it is evident that if the teachers' scheme had been adopted, and the scholarships had been on the same scale to encourage ability, the expense would have been double what it is. On the point of encouragement of ability it must be remembered that after the deduction is made for the pupil-teacher scholars, the number of children remaining who will go on to sixteen is a thousand. Another point of criticism is that of the sixteen hundred pupil-teacher scholars too great a proportion of girls is taken to permit of the scheme being one for education in the proper sense of the word. The council have indeed to confess that their scholarship standard will have to be lowered to meet the case of the girls. This no doubt will be made the subject of experiment; but feminine inferiority ought not to be assumed as a matter of course. The necessity for the larger number of girl scholarships is a practical one due to the need for a greater number of mistresses. In any case it is so important that the training of the future school master or mistress should not continue to be, as it is now, mainly conducted during the pupillage state in the elementary school, that this part of the scheme has far more advantages than disadvantages. It does much to give a wider educational and general outlook to those who are to be teachers in the elementary schools; and nothing is so much needed for the benefit of education as an improvement in this direction. The Teachers' Union is painfully sensitive on this point. They fear that the scholarship scheme introduces a new kind of competition of a dangerous character; they have the natural trade-union desire to keep down the supply of apprentices.

THE CITY.

THE event which happened at S. Petersburg on Sunday last might easily have been the signal for a panic on the Bourses of Europe, and now that the acute stage of danger appears to have been passed one can appreciate the skill with which the situation has been handled by the financial houses in Berlin and Paris—more especially perhaps the latter. In this country there is not—in the aggregate—a large amount of Russian securities held, but the enormous investments in Russian bonds by the French people is a very different matter, and had the small holder taken fright nothing could have prevented a serious sympathetic depreciation in our home securities.

Fortunately the powerful French banks, which control the affairs of their customers in a larger and more intimate degree than is usual in our provincial banks, had given strict instructions to their managers to use

every endeavour to reassure investors and to prevent their selling. The action of Germany as far as one can gather was induced by the conviction that the strikes in S. Petersburg and elsewhere could not develop into a general revolution—further it was argued that the domestic state of Russia must bring the question of peace in the Far East much nearer, indeed the heavy buying of Japanese bonds which has taken place during the past week emanated largely from Berlin. After the severe trial to which the French investor has been subjected without giving way to panic it is reasonable to assume that we have seen the worst and if the negotiations for peace are successful it is possible that we may be on the eve of a substantial recovery all round which may lead to the "boom" which appeared likely to come at the close of last year. The speech of Mr. Balfour on Thursday has already had a most favourable effect on prices throughout the Stock Exchange; and should the settlement pass without any failures a further improved condition appears almost certain.

The various bank meetings which have been held disclosed a concurrence of opinion among bankers that we are to have a period of cheap money and it is evident that a steady flow of investment is absorbing the finer securities, the yield from which is gradually dropping. The success of the East London municipal issue which we recommended last week is a case in point as the lists were closed long before the advertised time, and allotments were made to the extent of 30 per cent. only of the respective applications. A high-class investment is now offered by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board which announces an issue of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debenture stock for £3,500,000 at £96 10s. per cent. The issue will be applied in the repayment of conversion of outstanding bonds and debt amounting to £2,650,000 and as to the balance for new works and for developing the Dock Estate: the security is, of course, quite undoubted.

Home Railway stocks have not been particularly active, although the tone has been good and the stocks of the Southern lines especially might in our opinion be bought by those who are able to take up the stock and put it away for a few months. The American railroad market has been active and the feature has been the sharp rise in the securities of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the Preferred shares more especially having been in demand, touching \$38, a rise of \$6 since Saturday last: it is commonly reported that the price will go to \$50.

South African mining shares were very quiet at the opening, but after the carry-over had been completed quotations improved considerably and should the settlement pass without any failures the chances are that a further rise will take place as the "bears" are getting very fidgetty and little real stock came on offer during the set-back in prices.

PARTNERSHIP INSURANCE.

WELL-SELECTED life assurance policies are particularly suitable for partnership purposes, but owing to the unsatisfactory kind of policy recommended for this purpose in the past comparatively little use has been made of the benefits which life assurance provides in this connexion. The policy usually suggested provides for the payment of the sum assured at the first death occurring among the partners, so supplying the means for paying the capital of the deceased partner to his estate.

The needs which have to be met when one partner dies or retires from business are practically covered by four different cases. The remaining partner must pay an agreed amount annually for a fixed term of years; must pay his late partner's share immediately in cash; must provide an annuity for life to the widow or other beneficiary; or may acquire the whole business without making any payment at all. Where the surviving partner has to make payments of large amount the business is very likely to be seriously interfered with by the sudden or gradual withdrawal of capital: while if the beneficiaries have to depend for their income upon the success of the surviving partner their security is in many cases of a somewhat doubtful nature.

The provision of a capital sum at the death of one of the partners which can easily be provided by means of Life assurance policies satisfactorily disposes of all difficulties. The surviving partner can continue the business without suffering from the withdrawal of capital, and the beneficiaries stand no chance of losing their capital; while if the terms of the partnership provide that the whole of the business goes to the survivor the loss to the estate of the partner who retires or dies is compensated for by a Life policy.

A policy which is payable only at the failure of the joint existence, namely, when the first death occurs, is not an easy matter to arrange fairly, especially when there is a great difference between the ages of the partners or between their business ability and experience. It is often quite inappropriate for the whole of the premium for such a policy to be paid out of the profits of the business. If separate policies are taken on the lives of each of the partners the question arises as to how the payment of premiums should be distributed. Each partner could assure his own life for the amount of his own capital, or each could assure the life of the other for the amount of the partner's capital; but neither of these plans by itself seems entirely adequate or just. One form of policy, which is quite suitable for many purposes, is convertible partnership assurance, which we believe was introduced by the National Mutual. It provides for the payment of the sum assured at the death of whichever partner dies first, but carries the option to convert the assurance at any time during the survivorship of both partners into two separate policies: thus if the joint Life policy is for £1,000 the partners may at any time convert it into two separate policies of £750 each on the two single lives. A further option provides that after the £1,000 has been paid at the death of the first of the two, the survivor may continue assuring his own life for £500, paying only the premium required for the age at which the original policy was effected.

The whole subject has been adequately dealt with in a pamphlet by Mr. T. P. Wansbrough. The principal conclusion to which the writer comes is that in most circumstances four policies should be effected. He points out that in many cases the surviving partner could offer the business for sale and that if it were thrown on the market in this way its value would probably be depreciated. The amount of the depreciation would of course be greater in the case of the partner whose share capital was the larger; but on the other hand the capital which the principal partner would have to pay should the other one die would be smaller than the amount to be paid at the death of the partner owning the larger share. Suppose A has £4,500 invested, and that B's capital is £900, and that the probable amount to be realised on a forced sale is £3,600: in these circumstances it appears that if B were to die A's capital might depreciate to the extent of £1,500 and that he would have to pay £600 to the estate of B. A should therefore effect a policy on the life of B for £1,500 to cover depreciation and for £600 to pay B's capital to B's estate. On the other hand the junior partner would only need to effect a policy on the life of A for the small amount of £300 for depreciation of his own capital, but for the large amount of £3,000 in order to provide the means of paying A's capital to A's estate. Many other cases are carefully considered in the pamphlet and partners would do well to study the very sensible remarks which it contains.

MESSRS. RICORDI'S SCHEME.

MR. CHARLES MANNERS has been trying for a long time to encourage an Englishman to write a fine English opera, and to what extent he has so far succeeded no man can say. His first attempt to get possession of a masterpiece by the simple device of offering a prize for the best opera was not what one would unhesitatingly call a grand success. I was present at the first—and I believe only—performance and saw the triumphant hero of the moment kiss the hand of Madame Patti. Since then Mr. Manners has offered another prize—of course for another opera—but I have not yet heard the result. I do not want to

damp the ardour of Mr. Manners (as a matter of fact, it would be impossible to damp it) but it seems to me unlikely that any good will come out of the prize-giving system. There is not in existence a single great opera, oratorio, symphony, or indeed any fine piece of musical art which is the result of the prize system. There is "Cavalleria", which is drivel; there are other works, which are worse drivel; but no one can name to me a really fine work that has won a prize. The reason, though apparently ridiculously simple, is sufficient; in music the big men contemptuously refuse to compete for prizes. I know that in sculpture it is otherwise; Stevens' Wellington affair, which they tell me is kept in a cellar somewhere, is a proof of that; but there is not a fine prize play, prize picture, prize poem, prize piece of music. Still, what has failed a thousand times may succeed the thousand and one-th. Whether Mr. Manners will succeed in fishing up a masterpiece from the depths I know not; but I am certain that if he does not—he, with his power to place the successful opera in his repertory and make its composer, if not world-famous, at least England-famous—Messrs. Ricordi have an even smaller chance. There is a multitude of things to be taken into consideration, but for the moment let us look at the proposal of Messrs. Ricordi.

Before dealing in detail with all this, let me remark that someone has forwarded to me a copy of the "Morning Advertiser" which contains a very able article on the matter, presumably from the pen of Mr. B. W. Findon. With parts of this article I agree, with parts I am in most marked disagreement; but the thing will serve to help me along and will save my precious space. As Messrs. Ricordi's scheme, as submitted to me by Messrs. Ricordi, was in a somewhat vague not to say chaotic state, I mean to follow the "Advertiser" article as far as facts are concerned. But 'twixt the "Advertiser" and the Ricordi poster sent on to me in these far foreign parts there is no great difference. Messrs. Ricordi, publishers of Italian music, feeling that the time has arrived for an Englishman to put forth his strength and create for us a Modern National Opera, offer £500 for the "best" opera sent in by the end of next year. The composer must be an Englishman; the librettist may be what he pleases; the committee to decide the fate of composer and librettist consists of an aged Englishman, Mr. Joseph Bennett (b. 1831), a French Jew, Mr. Messenger, and an Italian, Mr. Ricordi. Here at once there is something comical: an antediluvian Englishman, a very light modern Frenchman, and an Italian—with a fourth unknown factor to be added at the will of goodness knows whom; and these are to fix for us a form of art that can be called truly National.

But, as if not satisfied that a committee of foreigners, antediluvians and unknowns would be enough to render their scheme useless, Messrs. Ricordi have decided to give it its coup de grâce, almost before it is born, by attaching one of the most ludicrous and inept conditions I have ever heard of. Out of the £500 prize with 40 per cent. of the royalties the composer must pay his librettist; the libretto must be absolutely his property; he must show the assignment of it to Messrs. Ricordi; and he must himself assign it to the firm. That in itself is merely stupid: but now comes the comical part. Before beginning to work on his opera the competitor must send in a *sketch* of the libretto; the committee will consider that in the first place, and if they are satisfied with it the composer will be given permission to proceed with his work. Now do Messrs. Ricordi think we English are a nation of idiots, or are they a firm of idiots? In a modern opera the book is equal in importance to the music. The days are past when a dozen composers—Bach amongst them—could set the same Passion by Brock, or when the same libretto by Metastasio could be set by a dozen composers, Mozart and Gluck amongst them. The modern impresario can no longer ferret in his pigeon-holes for a book that has not been set afresh for some years and hand it to a tame composer to produce a novelty. That was all very well when the music was all in all; but our ideas of opera have changed, music-drama has superseded old-fashioned opera, music and words must be of equal importance and indissolubly united. Myself, I

believe that the composer should always write his own words—in fact, I cannot understand how anyone can be expected to produce a fine and powerful opera unless music and words have originated almost simultaneously in his brain. The composer who has not the literary power and stagecraft to do that had better leave opera alone; he will never produce one of the first rank. But let us suppose that he would rather write one of the second or third rank, and that he thinks he can win Messrs. Ricordi's prize with his work. He must find someone who can write more or less poetical drama. That someone must find a powerful idea, for the time is gone when any flummery was reckoned good enough to set to music. The supreme importance of the drama cannot be insisted on too strongly or too often. The weakness of the drama has been responsible for the failures of a host of English operas. MacCunn and Mackenzie both have dramatic power, but "Diarmid", "The Troubadour", "Colomba" and the rest all collapsed because their backbone, the drama, was too feeble to hold them up. Well then, the librettist finds his good idea, and is he going to give it away for nothing? Or is he expected to risk losing his time and work because the music is not good enough? Not likely. As the "Advertiser" article points out, the stuff that will make a good opera will generally also make a good play; and as a successful play is a valuable property and a good libretto generally worth very little to its maker that maker casts his ideas in the form of a play. But to return to the comical part of Messrs. Ricordi's condition, the idea being the most important thing about a libretto and the hardest to find—for one man who has effective dramatic ideas there are fifty who know the stage-tricks and have verbal felicity—and as it is the thing most easily appropriated by others, can we expect a capable man to give his away? Again the answer is Not likely. He does not know through whose hands his sketch may pass and both literary and dramatic ideas have been stolen too often for him to take any risks. Besides, who can tell from a sketch what the finished work will be? Certainly not Mr. Joseph Bennett, if his own librettos and his criticisms of those of other people tell us anything about his judgment. I am certain then that no good libretto will be submitted to the judges, first, because the prospect of reward is too uncertain and the reward itself too small, and secondly because there is every chance of the librettist giving away the fruits of his invention and getting no reward whatever.

The "Advertiser" complains that the prize is not big enough to tempt composers of standing to compete. Seeing that "composers of standing" constantly write festival cantatas and oratorios for a fee of one hundred guineas, £500 and 40 per cent. of the royalties ought to tempt them; and anyhow we don't want our Mackenzies, Stanfords and Parrys meddling in the business at all. The argument against a competition such as this is that it is to start at the wrong end. It is no use producing effective operas when there is not a single opera-house in which they can be played. Let us have a permanent opera and get on for the time being with foreign works and sooner or later our composers will set to work more hopefully. JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA.

Zephaniah.

22 JANUARY.

THIS thing was done
Before the nations and before the sun,
To bar the way,
Women were killed and children at their play.
And Russia, hark,
Groans, like a strong man crying in the dark.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

LONELINESS.

IN a recent essay M. Maeterlinck touched briefly in his own suggestive and haunting manner on the strange loneliness of the human race. "We are", he wrote, "alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and, amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us." Of all the mysteries of life none, perhaps, is more inexplicable than this division of the species into hermetically sealed compartments. During all the countless centuries of his life on this earth man has learnt practically nothing of its other inhabitants. He cannot get outside himself and enter even for a brief moment into the mental kingdom of those others. And yet there is, who can doubt it? so much that is worth while to learn. Who has listened to the music of the rooks at nightfall—to take only one instance from our common experience—that has not longed to know the secret of that strange unrest that comes upon them just when with us the calming influences of evening begin to dispel the restlessness of "the pitiful day"? Here as at other times we can only watch and wonder.

Poignant as this sense of race-loneliness may be in some moods of our life, it cannot have the intensity of that feeling of individual isolation which comes upon us in our relation with our fellow-men, felt in proportion to the nervous perfection to which we have attained. Not to be conscious of loneliness argues a rare greatness or a sublime stupidity. Many—and perhaps they are to be accounted on the whole the fortunate ones—experience merely what may be called physical loneliness. They do not like for long to be alone. They feel the need of some living being—a friendly dog perhaps—with them constantly. When they are by themselves they are the prey of all kinds of nebulous fancies and vague terrors. Darkness and quietude—the absence of light and the bustle of the work around them—fill them with a strange uneasiness which is not bodily fear, that the presence of a child or dumb animal will at once relieve. The worst form of physical loneliness is that of those who from some disease, unhappy accident of birth, or loathsome malformation, are cut off for ever through their lives from the touch of gentle hands or the willing caresses of loving lips.

Apart from, yet frequently existing in combination with, physical loneliness is that sense of mental and spiritual isolation which is the most terrible to bear. There are times, indeed, when the impossibility of making anyone—even the nearest and dearest—really understand is brought home to us with an overwhelming force that seems to desolate our whole being. Conscious as we are of those imperfect sympathies which can never quite identify us one with another we are inclined to turn in despair from intercourse with our fellow-men. At the root of most religions lies man's intense loneliness—his longing for a world altogether fairer and better than that about him, his dim feeling for something somewhere in the heart of things that may haply understand. It is the sense of this self-circumscribed destiny that gives to some who are particularly susceptible in these matters that aspect of wistfulness, as of those who are ever aware of the tears that lie behind the surface of things.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

THE PLACE OF THE TREE-BARBER.

THAT anyone who has outlived the tyranny of "bedding-out" and has expatiated in the liberty of the perennial border should be threatened with a revival of the Dutch garden with its clipped and trained monstrosities is surely a thing only to be contemplated in the light of a bad joke. At this time of day it seems incredible that any modern shrub should suffer the abhorred shears. Almost as soon, one would think, might the Ptolemaic astronomy begin to take its place in "popular" science, emerging vivacious from beneath the lectures of the late Mr. R. A. Proctor and of Sir Robert Ball; or railway chairmen attribute loss of earnings to the competition of the resuscitated postchaise. Those who have had

a hand in the comparatively recent emancipation of the gardener must be forgiven if they meet with righteous scorn these reactionary proposals, these attempts to conjure up long-laid ghosts. The statement that topiary gardens* are at present being planted to a considerable extent, and that nurserymen are responding to a demand for ready-made birds and beasts, jugs, corkscrews, boats, tables and obelisks in box and yew, must suggest an ineradicable fault in human nature, the basest ingratitude on the part of those one had helped to free. The author of "The English Flower Garden", who has practically changed the horticultural taste of the nation, and has seen results from his teaching immeasurably beyond those achieved by any philosopher or economist of our time—results only yielding, perhaps, to those secured by the supreme oracles at whose bidding hat-brims curl or trains descend—may well reflect on the mutability of things when "tree-barbers" venture seriously to propound their methods in print.

But gardening is after all the shortest cut in the world to philosophy; and, philosophically considered, the phenomenon may not seem altogether so incredible as it did at the first blush. It is merely an instance of the swing of the pendulum of fashion, whose motion, for all we know, may be necessary to keep the wheels of society in train. So long as any considerable number of garden-owners depute their duty and lack the primary grace and inspiration which makes all systems right in their degree, without which a man's fancies are of no real consequence at all, one way or the other, there will remain the perennial split between the formal and the landscape styles, between the herbaceous border and the bedding annual, there will be the recoil from an extreme of simplicity to an extreme of artifice, and in due time, back to simplicity again. It seems at first sight that there is no feasible way of composing the strife, no principle to be called in as arbiter or umpire to the garden-state. It is a province where men's tastes walk at ease in their own plots and display the "No trespassers" board unmistakably over their well-kept fences. The preventing grace referred to above might under certain conditions act as a general go-between and codify all the shifting rules for ever, if all who talk garden and read garden and write it were to pay the price of full initiation, take the rough with the smooth, the November drizzle with the June shade, not shirk the back-ache and the frozen fingers to come in daintily with the basket and the vine-leaves when the peaches are warm on the wall. Failing this consummation—and it seems likely that before it arrives a good many spring frosts may yet check the too forward leaves—it may be well, even for veterans who have taken their share in the great revolution, to keep a cool head, retain the gift of distinguishing, and examine critically the signs of the promised revival. "The Book of Topiary" proclaims it with somewhat ambiguous voice: in the introduction Mr. Curtis is cautious, even deprecatory, and in his account of the progress of the art sets down, with some signs of enjoyment, specimens of the ridicule poured on it in several sorts of literature, from the essays of Pope and Addison to the articles of the latest dictionaries of gardening. Mr. Gibson, on the other hand, as becomes the guardian of the classic groves of Levens, is positive that "there is a charm and a beauty of its own in topiary work not to be met with in the modern garden", and enters con amore into full directions for the making and maintenance of Dutch gardens in their fullest development, or perhaps one should say retrenchment. Spite of this uncertainty and divided counsel the reader will probably find that two or three points come out pretty clearly, largely by help of the illustrations. First, there can be no question about the photographs of nursery-quarters containing assortments of topiary specimens, ready-made antiques at two or three to ten guineas apiece. "Hideously unnatural" is, pace Mr. Gibson, just the inevitable description. In the next place, the pictures of the more or less venerable freaks at Levens, Elvaston or Muntham suggest the reverence due even to fantastic old age; one feels that though they were

* "The Book of Topiary." By C. H. Curtis and W. Gibson. London: Lane. 1904. 2s. 6d. net.

planned by souls horticulturally lost, yet for their curiosity and quaintness these forms of Batavian grace may stand; that it would be mere vandalism to destroy their secular ugliness, as, to give a parallel case from architectural sculpture, it would be to do away with a Corintho-Gothic steeple of Gibbs, or those classical figure-heads, the jovial abominations which disgrace and endear the Broad at Oxford. And as a corollary to this sentiment comes the conviction of the complete ineptitude of modern imitations of the old oddities, above all when they are not grown in situ with befitting leisure, but are ordered in from a dealer, or even imported root and branch from Holland. And lastly, after looking at the examples of cottage-garden topiary, pheasants or umbrellas or piled cheeses—

"the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces, here
Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
And uncouth fancy"—

one arrives perhaps at a final understanding of the right sphere and limits of the art. In the village street, where the post-office nestles under twin domes of yew, and the box peacock spreads his tail before the thatch and dormer windows of the farm, the thing is right, picturesque, in its proper place and scale. No one would wish those green arbours away from the bowling-green behind the little inn: the labour of all those humble shears has not been in vain. There the art gets an indemnity, partly, no doubt, by reason of a lurking humour, an hereditary trick of poking fun at oneself. There is in English cottagers (in those of the older strain, at least) an ironic mood insufficiently recognised by the social physiographers, not without its own effects of grace: it is to be seen in the spirit which relishes a self-disparaging proverb, which cherishes as a possession those jeering house-names—"Mount Noddy", "Slab Castle", "Noah's Ark", or the ubiquitous "Folly"; and in a way it makes the clipped rooster on the yew bush by the gate a coxcomb for the conscious wielder of the shears.

It would be a sad but not an unprecedented instance of Time's revenges if, while these examples of saving rustic humour and pride that may be called childish in the best sense are vanishing before the tendencies which produce the "rural exodus", the present race of architect-gardeners and their patrons should be beginning to lay out acres of puerilities in solemn earnest. In his concluding paragraph Mr. Gibson observes that at present topiary is "of far greater interest to rich men in America than it is over here", and foresees a future for the art in that vast country. While the Western States are horticulturally still in essence a cannery, and wrestle with the ravages of the borer and the San José peach-scale, the Luculluses of the East already begin to surround themselves with tonsile groves and to restore the taste of Beaumont and Le Nôtre. It is in such virgin fields as Massachusetts and Connecticut that these experiments in resuscitation should be tried; if Nature is ever to bring back the mastodon—in yew and variegated holly—on any extensive scale, it will hardly be in the oft-turned soil of these isles of ours.

THE CONVOCATION MAN FROM TEA-CUP TIME.

WE greet our Convocation man again as he stands in the year of grace 1700 outside the new Powls in talk on the eve of the first session since 1689 with Francis Atterbury, whom the town knows as the author of the brilliant book the "Rights, Powers and Privileges of an English Convocation vindicated". "There is," says the brilliant scholar and Churchman, "all the reason in the world to think that there is some insidious plot which our Whig bishops have hatched behind the scheme of this meeting for the destruction of Church liberty. The game is I deem that when the session is commenced and the proctors show that they have read the 'letters to a Convocation man' and my book, and are aware that they possess the same privileges against the Bishops as the Commons against the Peers, to call in the Judges to back the prelates and thereupon, if we in the Lower House express a proper indignation,

there will follow an instant prorogation with no more sessions for another ten years". Our proctor listens with indignation. For ten years has he been plagued by the fussy latitudinarianism of that tiresome Scot Gilbert Burnet, who keeps our Dutch King's conscience. For ten years has he groaned under the rule of a Tillotson and a Tenison in the seat of S. Augustine. Long has it been a shame to him that while the Gallican Synod enjoys liberty of speech under Louis le grand, the English Convocation man who lives in a land governed on revolution principles is forbidden to open his lips, though the winds that blow from all Holland are wafting into the Church many soul-destroying heresies. Therefore with passion in his heart, but with a determination to keep his temper, he walks into the Convocation House and votes Dr. Hooper, Dean of Canterbury, whom he deems a good man and true, for his prolocutor. But no sooner are they in session than their foes show their teeth. Forth comes White Kennet's book full of bitter railing, and a spiteful pamphlet, which the town attributes to my Lord of Sarum, wherein the judges are bidden to make short work of the assembly of clergymen. But this is but the prelude to the real fight, which commences when the Most Reverend sends down his schedule of prorogation (thus affecting to dictate the procedure of the Lower House) and Mr. Prolocutor bids the proctors to sit on. Whereupon two reverend gentlemen, one of them a doctor of divinity, and the other a very reverend dean, behave in so obstreperous a manner, that Mr. Prolocutor tells them that, if they feel themselves endangered by staying, the best course for them is to withdraw, but for himself he will keep the chair. So out walk the reverend gentlemen 'mid the smiles of their enemies and the frowns of their friends, and the House sits on. "Everything" Atterbury tells to our friend "goes well. The true Churchmen are two or three to one, are sensible of their advantage and are keeping their tempers".

To command their tempers our proctors have no small need, for some days later the Most Reverend cites Mr. Prolocutor to know why the Lower House sat after the prorogation, and why on reassembling they chose to meet in Henry VII.'s chapel rather than in the place "vulgo vocatum Jerusalem Chamber" whither the Most Reverend had hidden them. Mr. Prolocutor produces a paper, the bishops search precedents; in the end leaving other matters open for future squabbling, they agree on an address to royalty and our friend, with some forty-eight of his brethren to back him, follows Mr. Prolocutor, gorgeous in his hood and gown, to leafy Kensington to present the same to Dutch William, the berobed bishops frowning through the ceremony. Thereafter our proctors press for the condemnation of John Toland's heresies. The reply comes from their lordships that the Convocation cannot judicially censure save with royal license. The Lower House then flies at my Lord of Sarum's book on the Articles, my Lord of Sarum talks of Mr. Prolocutor's usual insolence. And next year when our proctor rides to town, again there is a like hubbub. The Most Reverend mourns over the recent heats that have given great offence to those who know not the nature of the controversy, and in the midst of it all Dutch William's charger trips over the little gentleman in the black velvet tippet, and in consequence "gracious Anne" sits on the throne. "The Church of England's glory", in her reply to the loyal address agreed upon with no small difficulty between the Houses, hopes that this concurrence betwixt them is a good presage of their union in other matters, a thing desirable in her interests and the good of the Church. Nevertheless faction and temper continue to divide them. The majority of the Upper House remain the fautors of Erastianism and dissent, and yet asperse the Lower as the slanderers of episcopal rights, to the no small indignation of good Tory laymen in the Commons and elsewhere. If the Queen is for the Church her Ministers are for the Conventicle and they are never so happy as when they are putting offensive Erastian language into her gracious lips. The banner of ecclesiastical freedom the Lower House upholds; but their lordships are so strong that the proctors can do naught or next to naught to

reform the stage, to suppress infidelity, or to propagate the Gospel in foreign parts.

At last however dawns a S. Martin's summer for the troubled Church. The mob is cheering for Doctor Sacheverell and High Church. There are gloomy faces at the Kitcat. Mr. Spectator is drinking longer than is his wont at the tavern, and what is even braver news "the little black man of nigh fifty, the good pleasant man" (so writes the author of "The Tale of a Tub") to his Stella this year of our Dr. Atterbury now Dean of Carlisle) is Prolocutor. The worthy man is better primed than ever with historical facts, for he has been in correspondence with the erudite Mr. Strype of Low Leyton, and in answer to the Queen's gracious licence, wherein she has bidden the Houses draw up a representation on the present state of religion among us with regard to the late excessive growth of heresy, superstition and profaneness, Mr. Prolocutor sees that an address goes up to their lordships wherein their lordships are told some plain truths concerning their malpractices since the black eighty-eight. Rejected of course is this address by our Fathers in God, and the Lower House proceeds to censure the Mathematical Professor at Cambridge, William Whiston, who has contradicted two fundamental articles in the Nicene Creed, and defamed all the Athanasian. The bishops are willing enough to condemn blasphemy, but again doubt if they are a court to censure heretics, notwithstanding the fact that the majority of the judges give a guarded opinion to the effect that they are. And when the proctors say a word touching Dr. Samuel Clark, who in an audacious attempt to define the Being and attributes of his Creator has fallen into many a blasphemous heresy, their lordships' underlings whisper that the Right Reverends look upon themselves to have taken a great step in the censure of the Professor of Mathematics, and will not be induced to bring Dr. Clark's book under the same condemnation. Our proctor talks over these things with Mr. Prolocutor, and the chief shakes his head and whispers: "The thoughts of them who can restore the Church's rights are so full of the coming peace that they are not at liberty to mind ecclesiastical matters and the faithful must wait another opportunity, while the Freethinkers and Ranters and the Muggletonians do their pleasure."

Our proctor shakes his head. The gay world of Sir Plume and Belinda and the rest who foregather around the Queen's tea-table at Hampton Court may (such being the royal will) affect public worship more than of yore; but they are too polite to feel the mob's enthusiasm for "High Church". Moreover Dr. Codex's* book has come out, and our friend begins to fear that his enthusiastic chief's history is not infallible. But when he turns over the pages of the letters on the "Mitre and the Crown" (some whisper that this work is from Mr. Prolocutor's pen) his confidence returns, for the letters teach him that he is fighting only to hinder the usurpation by the civil power of the rights which his Saviour conferred on the Apostles and their successors, and on them alone.

Meanwhile he struggles to agree with the bishops on the drawing up of some new liturgical forms, on a scheme for the establishment of rural deans where they exist not, and of the making of them more useful where they be. He also, being desirous of avoiding the need of a charity commission in the future, opines that each parson should enter his parish charities in a book, whereof his bishop should have a copy, and that tables of the said charities should be hung up in the church to the end that a grateful remembrance of the several benefactors may be continued to posterity, and that others may be excited to follow their good examples. But though proctors and bishops talk much of these things naught is ever agreed upon. And after a weary session the only good tidings that our Convocation man can carry back to his friends at home is, that he has persuaded the faithful Commons to vote the money for the building of fifty new churches in and about the Cities of London and Westminster.

But now alas! when things look brightest and Dr. Atterbury, now my Lord of Rochester, is directing the Ministerial policy, the last sovereign of the Stuart

house passes away and the Elector of Hanover makes an unwelcome appearance in "pudding time". Our friend, who scarcely knows what he wishes, has half expected to see my Lord of Rochester crown a King James III. in the Abbey; but the Chevalier is a day late for the fair. In no good temper our proctor takes his seat in the first Hanoverian Convocation; and before prorogation, strange to relate, has almost agreed with their lordships in the arrangement of a service for the consecration of churches. Then for a year or two, while proud Mar is stirring in the North, the trembling Whigs allow no Convocation. But when King George's arms have triumphed, our proctor finds himself jolting along in the coach to the Convocation of 1717. His heart burns within him to-day as he hearkens to the talk of those of his brother proctors, who are his coach companions, anent the blasphemous book of our new Lord Bishop of Bangor (favourite of the Court and reviler of the Church), wherein he lifts up his railing voice against the noblest and most learned of the clergy, to wit the ejected Dean of Worcester, the erudite Johnson of Cranbrook, and young William Law, whom men know now as a scholar, and shall hereafter know as the author of the "Serious Call". And when he is back in London town his righteous wrath grows the greater when he hears that the long-winded and pompous prelate has in a sermon, preached at S. James's on the last day of March, again befouled the nest ecclesiastical. Great as are the risks he knows his duty too well not to denounce these blasphemous impertinences in the House, and wildly does he cheer when our Doctor Sherlock and the rest bring in the report in which they declare that the tendency of the Bishop's book is to subvert all government and discipline in the Church of Christ, and to bring His Kingdom to a state of anarchy and confusion. Thereupon the Whig Lords, irate at this insult to their pulpiteer, gather round the Elector at Hampton Court and forthwith goes the royal writ for the prorogation of the Convocation. Hard falls the blow on our proctor and he has few comforters. The mob bursts into no cheers for "High Church" as of yore. The Commons are silent. It remains for him as he awaits the coach that is to take him home to order a repast at Child's coffee-house, and to smile at the white rose worn by the damsel who brings him his repast. "French wine" he orders. "Yes, sir, High Church wine" smiles the maid. "Yet" whispers a brother proctor "France has sorrowfully changed of late, and the infamous Regent is the friend of the Elector". And the twain drink to the King over the water and enter the coach.

And the years glide on, the parsons will have naught to do with Revolution principles, and the Whigs will suffer no Convocation. True the writs go and a Prolocutor is elected, yet no business may be done: and even while the second George is still "plodding on" the writer of the handy book of the day chronicles the fact that the portion of the British constitution whereof our proctor forms a part "is in a manner lost". And as a consequence over the doomed Church rises high the flood of latitudinarianism and infidelity, of plurality and corruption, which almost makes old Atterbury, who, after his weary years of Jacobite exile, rests peacefully beneath the Gothic arches of the Abbey, rise from the dead and shake the old fane again with indignant eloquence.

And through all those later Georgian days of pugacity and port, tempered by the graceful courtesies of the lovers of whom gentle Jane Austen wrote, aye and through the times when Arthur Pendennis wandered in the Temple, our proctor is mum, until at last, when for the moment party strife is hushed by a union in one Cabinet of the followers of Lord John and Bob Peel, he learns that faithful Sam Wilberforce is moving my Lord of Aberdeen to give him a free voice. It proves yet a hard fight, for the voice of Walpole yet speaks in the lips of Palmerston, and the "Thunderer" has chartered as its scribe for the occasion the only living being who has read his Hoadley. "The moment", shrieks the "Times" leader, "that the attention of the public was directed to the thing as a scheme within the bounds of possibility, all hope of its success was at an end". A sigh escapes from our proctor as he drops the paper: but there is a stronger force to fight for him. The statesman

* Gibson, subsequently Bishop of London, and author of the "Codex".

whom he has helped to elect as member for his Alma Mater, and who keeps the conscience of this early Victorian England is this day writing to our Prince of Bishops "It is all very well to sneer at councils, but who will deny that the councils which are acknowledged as lawful representatives of the universal Church were great and to all appearances necessary Providential instruments in the establishment of the Christian Faith". So the cause of the Church prevails and our proctor returns to Westminster, to sit (at first in the Jerusalem Chamber—afterwards in the dining-hall of Westminster College—where the gowns lying about when the boys come in to dinner excite much juvenile speculation) to enjoy Sam Wilberforce's immortal breakfasts and Dean Stanley's lunches, to talk on "Essays and Reviews", Dr. Colenso and Ultramontane aggression, to thunder against the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and to do many more things all which are duly chronicled in the Acts of Convocation by Dr. Joyce. To-day our proctor has at last obtained a fixed abode at the Church House, and if you will walk therein by the Great Smith Street entrance, you will after some little trouble discover him. The visit will repay your pains. True it is that the room wherein he debates has a painfully modern look—if one may speak plainly it recalls unpleasantly the servants' hall—but a view of the venerable men there assembled, their rich display of scarlet and their courtly language will convince you that in England alone the Church of the Middle Ages yet lives.

By the way it is rumoured that some bishops and more Churchmen in the street are growing somewhat weary of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury and its Latin prayer and desire a "Church Parliament" for which the electors shall be all those young ladies and gentlemen of the kingdom who will declare themselves churchfolk on paper. If such be the will of the bishops and the press, it may come to pass. We fancy however before it comes that our friend the Proctor of the Convocation of Canterbury will have departed from the stage whereon these five hundred years he has borne himself with honour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRANSLATIONS OF TOLSTOY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Great Baddow, Chelmsford, 18 Jan., 1905.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw having patted us both so nicely on the back, and "Max" having buried his tomahawk (or reserved it for other scalps), I am free to admit, not that slang should never be used in translations, but that "there are two methods of translating a play", one for the library and the other for the stage.

My wife and I made a library version of "The Power of Darkness". The Stage Society used it, without asking us to modify it for the stage. I submit that the fact that it went as well as it did, with few rehearsals and in spite of a scratch lot of costumes and accessories, shows that, with some revision, our version would act very well. It would only be necessary to take certain liberties with the text, which we could not fairly have taken in an edition intended for the library.

But while we are on the subject of Tolstoy translations, may I point out what the conditions are that render it improbable that we shall have an adequate and complete edition of Tolstoy in English in our generation? In the first place, we have no literary convention with Russia, and any Russian work can be translated and re-translated into English by anyone who has, or has not, got a dictionary. No doubt, in the absence of all legal rights, a Russian author might exercise some moral restraint on publishers or translators, by authorising certain editions and repudiating others. But Tolstoy minimised his influence in this direction fifteen years ago by publicly announcing that he gave his works to the world to be scrambled for. It is only in very exceptional cases that he intervenes as he did on behalf of my wife's translation, of which he wrote, "This English version of 'Resurrection' is published by my authority". Even when gravely dissatisfied (as he is,

for instance, with the "Complete" edition of his works now appearing in France) he seldom utters a word of public remonstrance. There has consequently been a rush to get out each new book of Tolstoy's likely to prove saleable. The translator and publisher have always had before their eyes the risk of being forestalled; and any translator in touch with Tolstoy has had to grapple with the corrections and alterations which flow so freely from his pen, while outsiders could go straight ahead at whatever issued from the censored Russian press. The only possible way of meeting the difficulty, in the case of such books as "Resurrection", has been to produce a revised edition at leisure, after a hasty version had first been published to hold the market. This, however, is an expensive proceeding, and not all books will pay for setting twice over.

Many readers have experienced the feeling expressed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, that they simply cannot read the current versions of some of Tolstoy's works. The result has been that a succession of publishers have announced "revised" and "complete" and "definitive" editions. But it has always proved much easier to announce than to produce satisfactory editions; for instance, the large Scribners-Crowell American edition, produced a few years ago, never even got placed on the English market at all.

The difficulties in the path are very great. To begin with, Tolstoy has written 3,000,000 words of stories, novels, essays, plays, folklore, pedagogics, aesthetics, philosophy, exhortations, philippics, religious treatises and anti-theological expositions, not to mention an immense number of letters (many of which are almost essays), and a translation of "The Four Gospels", which is among the most original of his works. Now evidently the man best able to translate, say, his plays, may not be able to tackle his Gospels, and the real line of progress towards a satisfactory Tolstoy in English would be for the critics to decide which volumes have already been well done, and then for a number of translators each to re-translate that side of Tolstoy's work to which they feel most drawn. A really readable version of his complete works might, in the course of years, be thus built up. But this is not at all what pushing publishers, or the public behind the publishers, want. They want a machine-made version, to appear, say, one volume a month till it is finished. As a publisher once said to me in effect, when I offered him a volume which it had taken me about a year to complete: "If you can give me a complete Tolstoy in thirty volumes, to be completed in sixty months, I will take it up; but I don't see a sale for odd volumes." Put briefly, what it means is that good translations carefully done can only be published at the translator's cost, while the publishers are willing to risk money on translations produced under conditions which preclude the possibility of first-rate work.

Another American publisher, Mr. Dana Estes, has lately announced one more "complete" translation of Tolstoy, made by Professor Leo Wiener. Possibly the Professor, though neither Russian by race nor of English-speaking parentage, may help us some steps further towards the distant goal. But I should like to ask him how he will deal with such a passage as that in Tolstoy's Preface to my version of "What is Art?" in which he says: "I request all who are interested in my views of art only to judge of them by the work in its present shape"? If Professor Wiener applies these words to his own version, it will be misleading; but if he omits them the "complete" edition will be incomplete. Or again take the case of "Resurrection": the proceeds of the authorised translation (which have exceeded £2,550) have all been devoted to public objects, and duly accounted for. The work was done gratuitously, as a labour of love. Now if Professor Wiener can produce a better version, by all means, for the public benefit let him exercise his legal right to publish it; but if his translation be not superior, and is produced merely to transfer the profits on the book from public purposes to private pockets,—then I would put it to English publishers that the pecuniary gain obtainable by handling such a version may be counterbalanced by a loss of character, less immediately tangible, but not less important. It is, of course, desirable that in new translations errors shall not be made which have

already been detected and amended in previous versions. For instance, the editor of the magazine in which "Sevastopol" first appeared inserted some lines, of patriotic tendency, to mollify the censor. In the editions authorised by the censor these passages have remained ever since; but when my wife and I were re-translating the work a couple of years ago, we omitted them at Tolstoy's request. They occur near the end of the first part of "Sevastopol: December 1854", are specially referred to in my preface to the "revised edition", and include the phrase: "Long will the grand traces remain in Russia of this epic of Sevastopol, of which the hero was the Russian people." It would be inexcusable if a subsequent translator were to re-insert these passages.

The real question the critics should put to each new adventurer in the wide field of Tolstoy translation is: "Are you helping or hindering the ultimate achievement to be aimed at: a version of Tolstoy which shall be true to the spirit of the original, and shall read not like a translation but like an original?" In so far as the publishers are merely money-grubbing they should be checked by the critics, or an unedifying scramble will continue indefinitely.

Yours truly,

AYLMER MAUDE.

THE ORIGINAL OF BULWER LYTTON'S "LUCRETIA".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gunnerybury, Chiswick, W., 14 January, 1905.

SIR,—It does not appear to be generally known that the original of Bulwer Lytton's "Lucretia" lived at Linden House, Turnham Green, Chiswick. Is it known what her maiden name was? The house was demolished some years ago, like most of the historical houses in that part of Chiswick, many of the owners of which apparently did not know that they were historical. Dr. Johnson, I believe, often visited the house and Kew also, where he was fond of "taking tea" when tired of "a walk down Fleet Street" with Boswell. And I am under the impression that, before her daughter's marriage, Lucretia's mother lived near Richmond, Surrey, in reduced circumstances.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. R. THORNTON.

HYPERBOLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christchurch, Hants, 7 January, 1905.

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 10 December last is a fair notice of "The Sin of David" by Mr. Stephen Phillips, in which the reviewer writes:—"It is at least a benefit that one may judge the book without risk of irritation at silly superlatives or personal puffs". And again: "We are 'weary of this moon; would he would change.' And indeed the proof of the waning is not far to seek. Mr. Phillips' popularity as the peer of Dante—or was it Shakespeare?—is in the last quarter." After reading this I turned to the Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 December, 1899, in which is a review of "Paolo and Francesca" signed "J. Churton Collins". Two short quotations will suffice:—"But he has given us a masterpiece of dramatic art which has at once the severe restraint of Sophoclean tragedy, the plasticity, passion and colour of our own romantic tragedy, a noble poem to brood over in the study . . ." &c., and "Work like this requires no comment and praise would be mere impertinence. It unquestionably places Mr. Phillips in the first rank of modern dramatists and of modern poets. It does more: it proclaims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art, with Sophocles, with Dante."

Your reviewer (31 December, 1904) in his notice of the "Collected Swinburne" refers to a recent article by the same writer, contributed to the "Westminster Gazette" of 20 December, in which he exalts Mr. William Watson's work far above its legitimate place. "It is remarkable that when Mr. Watson's poetry directly invites comparison with the poetry of preceding masters his equality always, his incomparable superiority often, becomes instantly apparent. . . ." "No discerning critic could doubt that there are more elements of permanence in Mr. Watson's poems than in those of

any of his present contemporaries" (among whom, presumably, Mr. Phillips is included).

As an Englishman I fail to understand how "when Mr. Watson's poetry directly invites comparison . . ." "his incomparable superiority often becomes instantly apparent". Hyperbole is not criticism, and it may wrong those whose works are exposed to its superlatives. Indeed its use betrays an attitude towards literature, reminding us of that of the cynic "who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing".

Your obedient servant,

HERBERT DRUITT.

THE MENACE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 January, 1905.

SIR,—Surely we, the public, have only ourselves to thank for the annoying stream of circulars and advertisements such as those referred to in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 24 December. So far the public have done little or nothing to stem the tide and are within measurable distance of being overwhelmed. But there is a remedy which if widely known and vigorously used would doubtless go far to put an end to the nuisance.

"Every circular and advertisement coming to this house unless from tradespeople known and dealt with is instantly burnt" was the answer given to a young woman who, touting for orders for "artistic" enlarged photographic likenesses, asked for the specimen sent beforehand by post.

She went away hurriedly, but not before asking, of course in vain, for the name of the people living next door. The request shows that the public have largely themselves to blame that their names and address are so correctly got at by these beggars for custom.

I am, yours, &c.

A. L. O. W.

MEMORIALS OF A WARWICKSHIRE PARISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 January, 1905.

SIR,—In thanking you for your favourable notice of the above book in your issue of the 14th instant, may I be allowed to point out that the parish with which the book deals is "Lapworth" and not "Lulworth". The only Lulworth of which I know is in Dorset, and your readers will be left in doubt as to whether the mistake is in the title of the book or in the name of the parish.

I shall be very greatly obliged if you could spare room to make this small correction in your next issue.

Yours obediently,

THE EDITOR OF

"MEMORIALS OF A WARWICKSHIRE PARISH".

"THE REAL FOOD PROBLEM."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.C., 23 January, 1905.

SIR,—Will you allow me to congratulate you (albeit with diffidence at troubling you once more) on your article of 21 January—in which under the above heading you discuss the question of free meals for elementary school children. There must be many besides myself who consider it the sanest and most helpful exposition of the subject that has yet appeared. One realises with increasing certainty that the pauperisation—or otherwise—of the adult poor of to-day is a consideration secondary to that of preparing their children to become the thrifty, home-keeping, home-careful adults of to-morrow. A valuable contribution to that end is, in my opinion, your suggestion that "the provision of public feeding ought to be a most effective means for the training of boys and girls in practical domestic work" (taken with your previous remark that "those who can pay should pay for the privilege"). So indeed is the whole of your illuminating article.

Pray continue such suggestions as to means whereby education may join hands with charity for the creation of a self-dependent labouring class. Could not, for instance, the rudimentary principles of thrift be taught in the schools?

Yours, &c.

EDWARD HOUGHTON.

REVIEWS.

BALZAC.

"Life of Honoré de Balzac." By Mary F. Sandars. London: Murray. 1904. 12s. net.

"Honoré de Balzac. Contes Choisis." London: Dent; New York: Putnam. 1905. 15. 6d.

"It seems curious", remarks Miss Sandars in her preface, "that even in the French language there is no trustworthy or satisfactory Life of Balzac", but it is by no means so curious as the fact that in the big-volumed biographical sense there *was* no life of Balzac. How, indeed, could there be? "I go to bed at six or seven in the evening, with the chickens", he writes in the spring of his fame. "I wake up at one in the morning and work till eight; then I take something light, a cup of pure coffee, and get into the shafts of my cab until four; I receive, I take a bath, or I go out; and after dinner I go to bed". And, two years later, "Work, always work! Heated nights succeed heated nights, days of meditation days of meditation, from execution to conception, from conception to execution". He planned that such ruthless servitude should last for three years; it lasted for fifteen. In twelve years, from 1830 to 1842, he wrote seventy-nine novels. And such novels! Not pretty streamlets of agreeable anecdote, but whirling maelstroms of existence in the roar of which it is no easy matter to remember the more subtly harmonic note of life itself. He had no time to live; no time to live outside the confines of his "Comédie Humaine". And the craving that he had for life makes more curious the ferocious courage with which he cut himself off from it. Again and again he cries out for a taste of more personal experience, "to go off, and wander and explore; make of my life a drama, risk my life"! Yet he took no risks but those of coffee and overwork which killed him with a quiet certainty inimitable by more romantic dangers. His existence from first to last was one of appalling discomfort. His long fight with debt, which reads monstrous as some ghastly struggle of a man with an octopus, imposed on him the incredible hours of labour which cost him his life. And yet one cannot think of him as chained to his desk by any mortal obligation, but by the fierce energy of creation which, even with death's grip upon him, made him plead pathetically for six months, six weeks, or at least six days in which to add one last miracle to the work he had begun. It is a spectacle of divided personality; a division so emphasised in Rodin's vision of his shrouded soul; the genius of the man sitting there in the bare chamber, ill clad and ill fed, through those crushing hours of toil amid a volcanic débris of work promised, begun, cast aside, or completed, with that proud boast of having "carried a whole society in his head"; while the mortal part of him cried aloud for adventure and fame and love, and cursed literature as "no better than the trade of a woman of the town". No wonder that there is no life to write, that in his letters there is scarcely a hint of spiritual growth, that only vague traces of personality emerge from the gross preoccupation with business and ambition, that hardly a sound penetrates from the world about him; never the hint of a tender fancy, no one glimmer of imaginative flame. Though to be loved was one of his "two only and immense desires", he worked, while on a rare and dearly earned visit to the object of his affections, for twelve hours a day, and told her that it was fortunate for her he did not work fifteen. His desire for love was probably more largely gratified than has been recorded, for Balzac with all his boastfulness and amazing egoism—"l'amour-propre littéraire le plus avide et le plus grossier que j'aie connu" Sainte-Beuve calls him—clearly knew how on occasion to hold his tongue, and, relying so much on feminine stimulation and receptiveness—Madame de Berny, Madame Hanska and Madame de Castries are but a few of the names—the occasions must have been many. But even his love affairs were as breathless a business as his work.

His work was his life, and what a life it was! In that bare room of his he entertained a company more stimulating, more distinguished than any accident of events could have brought together. Kings,

diplomats, senators, soldiers, lawyers, churchmen, authors, artists, actors, journalists, tradesmen, labourers, peasants, criminals and courtesans. Two thousand of them he said there were, representing every human activity—a veritable city of the imagination, this "whole society" that he had in his head. Not paper people, the puppets of a story, with a name, a trick of manner and a costume, but solid incarnations, with characters, habits, tastes, politics, ailments, religions, furniture, and a wardrobe. If ever an artist's faculty may be described as creative, to his work the term might be applied. One almost seems to see the manufacture of man and woman from morsels of clay under the relentless manipulation of his insatiable fingers. And, once made, those creatures of his fancy were retained for future employment in his profound design. Their maker never forgot, never mislaid, never was done with them. They had become part of that society which he had in his head, whose obscurest developments never escaped his scrutiny, however intensely he might be engrossed in its more arduous affairs.

A consciousness of his creative power, and his ambition to pose as the supreme analyst of the emotions, the heavenly chemist of humanity, bred in Balzac a sense of organising omniscience, which tended to distract into symmetrical co-ordination the results of that ravenous observation from which the vital quality of his work was drawn. As Paul Bourget says in his admirable preface to the "Contes Choisis": "L'esprit critique . . . s'en servit comme d'un instrument de création au lieu de l'employer à un simple contrôle."

He wished to do for the moral elements what others had done for the physical; to provide, in his voluminous pandect, an index of spiritual pathology, to which every mortal aberration might be referred. All life was to be covered by his categories of Scenes, Studies, Histories, Miseries and Illusions; nothing was to be omitted that had influenced or could affect the human race. Small wonder that, with death facing him at fifty-one, he pleaded so pitifully for a few hours' respite in which to extenuate the insufficiencies of his splendid failure. For failure, measured by his extravagant ambition, it unquestionably was. Human nature seems to remain the same, and yet the "Human Comedy", which was to mirror it, reads already deeper out of date than do comedies which were written two hundred years before it. For, magnificent dramatist that Balzac was, it was with portraiture that the most wonderful of his powers ended. He was the sculptor amongst literary artists; he worked always in the round. Beside his audacious, his tempestuous production, Turgenev seems a delicate pastellist and Fielding a worker in black-and-white. He had a sense of the spectacle of life which sets his genius almost beyond comparison, but by that sense he was so absorbed that his valuation of the energies of life was based on the degree of assistance to spectacle which they afforded. This is to say more than that he was non-moral, for morality being less contributive to picturesque display than is its opposite, he only cared for it as a contrast, and realised it as an appearance only, not as a force. Innocence, chastity, saintliness even, he painted, for he painted everything, but only as scenic relief, and with absolute incomprehension. Virtue, as he viewed it, afforded no immunity from the infection of vice: his saints contemplate the foulest crimes unrestrained by and without prejudice to their saintship. It was thus they contributed to the spectacle. It was thus also that woman contributed—by her unspeakable possibilities; and it was for those he adored her. Her vices were all redeemable by her beauty, her virtues were all at the mercy of her love. And the woman whose passion would not expose her to the profundities of pollution was almost as inconceivable to Balzac as one whose depravities were not subordinate to her charm. "Leur gros libertin de père" is the description of his most appreciative countryman, who measured Balzac's superiority by the opulence of his "vues d'ensemble". And despite his pretentious omniscience, his artificial philosophy, his moral superficiality, his habitual pre-occupation with the senses, even his strange failure to obtain a natural reaction between the characters he has created,

the marvel of his work remains, lifted above the achievements of far finer writers by the vast spread of its wings, the range of its wonderful vision, its lusty strength, its prolific energy, its immense capacity, its incomparable power. His work was his life, and every fresh attempt to write it makes the fact plainer. Yet in his living hours there is one episode worth recounting, because Balzac, for all his discernment of woman, and of the worst side of woman, never, in his multifarious tales of her, set so gross a perfidy to her discredit. He had not imagined that the sacred passion of sixteen years could burn out in five months of married life. He had clamoured to live, and that was the sensation life had in store for him. It silenced his demand for any other.

BRITISH BATS.

"The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland." By J. G. Millais. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1904. £6 6s. net.

IF the bats of Great Britain could speak for themselves, they might urge with justice that until this winter they had been sadly neglected by the naturalists of this country. The last really informing work on our Cheiroptera—the second edition of Bell's "British Quadrupeds"—appeared as long ago as 1874, and the authors who have dealt with the subject in the meantime have been mostly content to copy that work, not without misquotation, and totally to ignore the information since collected in the scientific magazines. If you asked a dweller in the country how many sorts of bats he knew, he usually replied "two, the large and the small, the rat bat and the mouse bat". A more accurate observer might venture to add a third, the long-eared species. And the bats might the more justly complain of this neglect, since in the present scale of classification they rank first of all our British fauna (or rather second only to *homo sapiens* himself) and have yet received far less attention than the beetles, worms and parasites at the other end of the scale. It is perhaps partly to the credit of our humanitarian instincts that English naturalists have neglected to study creatures which cannot easily be examined at close quarters without the aid of a gun. In this the rare bat has hitherto been more fortunate than the rare bird, and this article is not written with the intention of stirring up the bird-slayer to prolong his raids into the hours of darkness. And yet it is not greatly to the credit of a country so crowded with sportsmen and naturalists as ours that the bats have had to wait for worthy treatment until the dawn of the twentieth century. However they need complain no longer. Mr. Millais' splendid work invites us all to the study of cheiropterology, and nobody who is within the reach of a decent public library has any excuse for not being able to name any bat that may fall into his hands. According to Mr. Millais we may claim twelve species as our own. For there are some bats, like certain birds, that hover on the verge of authenticity. If a Continental species be discovered among the packing cases at the British Museum, or in the rigging of a smack at Yarmouth, shall he be admitted into the ranks of our genuine natives? Mr. Millais says no, and we agree with him. The rarest of all our bats, Bechstein's bat, has been found in three distinct inland localities, and far from any signs of artificial importation. In spite of his foreign name he is received without question among the true Britishers, and adds by his presence a fresh distinction to the New Forest, already famous as the home of rare and interesting forms.

The story of a British bat may be summed up in few words. Unlike some of his tropical relatives he lives entirely upon insects, and as a general rule sleeps through bright sunshine and intense cold. It was thought at one time that some of our bats were solitary and others gregarious in their habits, but our new authority gives evidence for the "flocking" of every single British species, while in winter time four or five different kinds may be found herded together in a single cavern. When we come to discriminate the species, there are one or two which can be named at a

glance from some prominent feature. The horse-shoe bats, for example, have an extraordinary leaf-like appendage of skin upon their noses, and most diabolical points to their ears; and the "greater" is decidedly large as bats go, and the "lesser" distinctly small, so that there is no need of any consultation of books to make their identification sure. The greater horse-shoe appears to be limited to the South of England and Wales, its northern limit (with the doubtful exception of Merioneth) being marked by the Valley of the Thames. The lesser horseshoe, on the other hand, ventures for some unknown reason much further to the north and west, reaching to the Scottish border and to Ireland. A much more common animal, and even more easily distinguished by the unlearned, is the long-eared bat, remarkable as the only beast in Creation whose ears are as long as his whole body. There are other bats whose ears are long, but none to compare with this. But the creature is so common and so widely distributed (except in the extreme north) that there is no excitement stirred by its discovery. We can imagine a man living in one of the—shall we say?—less distinguished counties of the Midlands, whose patriotism will be quite offended at finding, from Mr. Millais' work, that his county can only claim three out of our twelve bats. As soon as the warm weather comes he will sally forth with a butterfly-net and a collecting-box; he will bribe little boys, will climb church-steeple and dive into vaults and cellars, until the pages of the "Zoologist" bear witness that the greater horse-shoe has passed the Valley of the Thames or the hairy-armed bat is feeling its way towards East Anglia. The publication of this book ought to lead to the further working out of the distribution of our bats, some of which appear to be curiously restricted in their range. No possessor of the book could possibly make a mistake, since it contains not only full descriptions but life-sized coloured plates of every species, and a note in the "Field" or the "Zoologist" will place the new locality on record for future chroniclers of such events. Besides the kinds already mentioned, there is a delightful little bat, whose physiognomy is both humorous and highly characteristic. He is called the barbastelle, though not more bearded than other bats; his fur and wings are sooty black, and his ears meet over his nose in a most eccentric manner. This is generally speaking a South-country species, and records are wanting for most of the Midland and Northern counties. Indeed the Southern counties, as one might expect, are the most prolific in these insect-eating lovers of warmth, and Hampshire heads the list, with eleven species out of twelve, as it also claims all but one of our heat-loving reptiles. The only British bat which appears to be entirely absent from our south coast is that which was formerly called the hairy-armed (somewhat suggestive of a gorilla) but now Leisler's bat. This creature, though found throughout the Continent of Europe, refuses to dwell in the south and east of England, but inhabits a large part of Ireland, and a few of our northern and western shires, from York to Gloucester. It remains for our students of bat-life, having collected a considerable number of valuable facts, to investigate a little further the causes which produce them, and to discover, if they can, the reason of this peculiar distribution—whether, for instance, this rare bat is being gradually displaced by its near relative, the larger and more powerful noctule or great bat.

The naming of beasts and plants has always afforded amusement to the outsider, and few indeed are the naturalists who have rivalled Linnæus in wrapping up the maximum of definition in the minimum of space. We are afraid that the names of our bats will continue to supply material for the scoffer. Why one should be a beast of the night (noctule) and another a beast of the evening (serotine); why one should be the bearded (barbastelle) and another the whiskered bat, with no perceptible correspondence in their hirsute appendages; and why four British bats should be burdened with the names of distinguished foreign naturalists; these are among the things which no fellow can understand. One of the last-named, moreover, Daubenton's bat, is so well marked by its constant habit of flying over water that we might

surely be allowed to call it the lake or river bat. We think that we could add a few more bats to a few more counties—or should we say, a few more counties to a few more bats?—but we have no desire to pick holes, however small, in a work carried out with such enthusiasm, generosity and completeness, and with such a proper acknowledgment of the labours of other workers in the same field.

The illustrations of this first volume of "British Mammals" form a most remarkable series. We may not be very enthusiastic over the lithographic and other reproductions in colour of Mr. Thorburn's pictures—done in Berlin and Vienna. Colour in such work should either be used for its effect of beauty or to aid in identification. On the other hand, the photogravure work is most satisfactory: whilst the half-tones of Mr. Millais' drawings are a triumph.

ELTON'S SHAKESPEAREAN COLLECTIONS.

"William Shakespeare his Family and Friends." By the late Charles Isaac Elton. Edited by Hamilton Thompson with a Memoir of the Author by Andrew Lang. London: Murray. 1904. 15s. net.

THIS book has a mournful interest. It is a publication of the collections made by a learned and industrious scholar for what would have been, had it been completed, the most exhaustive account of Shakespeare and his social and literary surroundings which has ever appeared. But, unhappily, death intervened, and a work which would no doubt have been as solid and valuable an addition to Shakespearean literature as its author's "Origins of English History" are to antiquities, was left in fragments. Our respect for Mr. Elton as a scholar is so great, and we are so sensible of the melancholy circumstances in which the work appears that, had we consulted inclination merely, we should have refrained from saying a word expressive of disapproval and fault-finding. But a work on an important subject with such a name as his on the title-page, and with Mr. Andrew Lang as its sponsor, must be treated with becoming seriousness. And of one thing we are quite sure, that for nothing which we can censure can Mr. Elton be regarded as responsible, and from nothing which we say would he have dissented. Of the editor we desire to speak with all kindness. The preparation of these papers for the press must have been a labour of love, and he may perhaps have thought that the very interesting and occasionally valuable matter contained in them more than compensated everything else.

The work is little more than an immense commonplace book containing, with nothing to distinguish them, sometimes the results of independent research, sometimes the reproduction of what is now mere platitude found in every extended biography of Shakespeare. Unity there is none. We have dissertations on Shakespeare's early life, on the history of Stratford-on-Avon and neighbouring villages, on the natural history of the Elizabethan age, on Elizabethan London, on Shakespeare's descendants, on Howell's "Familiar Letters", on the "Tempest". Indeed the materials are so miscellaneous that not only does the title of the work bear no relation to the contents but under no conceivable title having any connexion with Shakespeare could the contents be ranged. The irrelevance of the dissertation in relation to the main theme is however nothing to the irrelevance in the dissertations themselves. There is not a chapter in the work which does not call aloud for revision, and which does not contain inconsistencies and inaccuracies, or ill-considered judgments, of which so exact and careful a scholar as Mr. Elton would, on deliberation, have been incapable, and which could never have passed in proof. For example, on p. 26 we are told that the surname of Shakespeare's wife is only "inferred from a vague phrase or two in her granddaughter's will", while two pages afterwards we are told, and told rightly, that it was stated in the bond given by Sandells and Richardson. On p. 116 the estate of Asbies is described as consisting "of about thirty acres of land"; on p. 119 it consists of "about fifty acres with four odd acres over". On p. 116 we are told that Robert Arden had four daughters. If Mr.

Elton had verified this, as he most certainly would have done, by the settlement made by Arden on his second marriage, printed by Halliwell-Phillipps, he would have seen that Arden had six daughters. Again, in arguing, with reference to the identity of Shakespeare's wife with the Agnes of the will of Richard Hathaway, that "Anne" and "Agnes" are not convertible terms Mr. Elton temporarily displays an ignorance which is simply incredible. Anyone, who is half as familiar with old documents as he was, is aware that the names are not only frequently but habitually convertible. In Cornwall for example, the village of S. Agnes and S. Agnes Head are at the present day called by the people about there "S. Anne's". That by the 33rd of Henry VI. and the two cases reported by Coke it was decided that the two names should not be convertible is only a proof that they were. On pp. 197-8 it is assumed that Shakespeare was present on the occasion of the "Comedy of Errors" being played at Gray's Inn on 28 December 1594 because (p. 198) a few days afterwards on the 26th and 28th he was acting before the Queen at Greenwich! On pp. 148-9 a most inaccurate account is given of the Welcome Common enclosure affair, Mr. Elton contending that "I" in the words in Thomas Greene's diary "Mr. Shakespeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to bear the inclosing of Welcombe" refer to Shakespeare, whereas it obviously refers to the speaker. In the long and wholly superfluous dissertation on the "Tempest" a very surprising ignorance is shown of the principles of Shakespeare's versification. Mr. Elton should surely have known, or would very soon have learnt, that that alone furnished conclusive evidence that the play could not have been written, as Hunter supposed, in 1596.

But all this is of comparatively minor importance. What everyone will naturally expect in a book bearing Mr. Elton's name will be new light on subjects connected with Shakespearean inquiry, in which he was known to be a specialist, and which he had ample opportunity for investigating. But so far from throwing new light on such subjects he is not even abreast of what is known. On the poet's genealogy, on the history of the Ardens and Hathaways, on the Lambert Bond, on the difficulties involved in determining the identity of the several Shakespeares, on the poet's marriage, on the S. Helen's assessment, on the claims cited in support of the coat of arms, on the Welcome Common affair, on the poet's will, all or most discussed at great length, he adds nothing to what may be found in French, in Halliwell-Phillipps and in the other authorities epitomised by Mr. Sidney Lee. The many Warwickshire archives which have either been imperfectly explored, or not explored at all, he has plainly left uninvestigated, and thus missed his one great opportunity of important contribution to Shakespearean inquiry. Still more to be regretted is the energy wasted in attempting to kill what has never had life or what has long been dead. Thus, while not a word is said about the interesting problem of Shakespeare's legal and medical knowledge, a whole section is devoted to balancing the probabilities for and against Aubrey's nonsense about him being a butcher. No less than thirty-eight pages are wasted in discussing Hunter's absurd theories based on the assumption that the "Tempest" was produced in 1596, and fifty-three in a profitless discussion as to the occasion on which it was acted. Everything which is of real interest suggested by it is ignored, such as its relation to Jacob Ayer's drama, and the dramatic relations between England and Germany. The sections on the Natural History, in the poems and plays, are, as well as the sections dealing with the theatres, very defective and would never by their author at least have been given to the world in the form in which they now stand.

All that can be said for this work, speaking generally, is that it is full of curious and interesting information, the result, if not of erudition, of very wide reading, and well worth bringing together. Some of the sections, notably those on the antiquities of Stratford, the Landmarks on the Stratford Road and in London, as well as those on Shakespeare's descendants and on the production of the "Tempest" would, with a little revision, have made admirable articles in one of the serious reviews. Our objection is to their appearing in a form which is most misleading, and thus claiming an im-

portance which one of the most conscientious scholars that have ever lived would have been the last to claim for them. We repeat, in justice to Mr. Elton's memory, that we have, in accordance with duty, commented on the book not as representing, what it represented to Mr. Elton, mere material and rough draught, but as representing what the zeal of a most indiscreet editor has made it represent, a finished work with a deceptive title.

THE PENINSULAR WAR AGAIN.

"Wellington in the Peninsula, 1808-1814." By Captain Lewis Butler, late King's Royal Rifle Corps. With sketch maps. 2 vols. London: Unwin. 32s. net.

ALTHOUGH English interest in the Peninsular War will never fade, it is questionable whether this book has appeared at a happy moment. Some years ago, when Napier's famous History was practically the only one available for those who wished to study the operations in the Peninsula, it would probably have been welcomed by many military students, as affording a very fairly concise account of the campaigns of 1808-1814. For despite the great charm of Napier, for various reasons, but mainly owing to his violent political prejudices coupled with the exhaustive manner in which he dealt with many matters beyond the scope of the military operations, his book could be hardly deemed a ready work of reference for the ordinary military student. Also, Napier rarely concerned himself with accurate summaries of the composition and strength of the opposing forces or of the casualties they incurred, and in many other ways failed to supply a full knowledge of the details of the campaigns. The appearance of Professor Oman's book has changed the situation; for this promises, when completed, to fulfil all these wants and, judging from the excellence of the two volumes already issued, in far more exhaustive a manner than does Captain Butler's work. It is true Mr. Oman's book threatens to assume alarming proportions, but in such a complex and drawn-out tale as the Peninsular War it seems hard to avoid this, if full information is to be given on all points. We have no desire to exalt unduly the value of Mr. Oman's work, for although we have said that in many respects it is admirable, we have yet often drawn attention to Mr. Oman's unfortunate habit of posing as a heaven-born critic in the art of war, nor can we forget his intolerance of all views on technical military details save his own. If we set aside these weaknesses, his history is an excellent work and leaves little room for a book of the type of Captain Butler's. In fact the only points which can be claimed for the latter are that it is a fairly clear and condensed account, giving a complete history of the war, whereas Mr. Oman's work at present only carries us as far as Talavera. Captain Butler has evidently taken considerable pains to arrange his facts and to compress his story within the limits of two volumes, but he sadly lacks the art of making a book of this description as useful and convenient as it should be. An initial and unpardonable error is the manner in which he has given, as a heading to the whole 832 pages, the same five words, "Wellington's Operations in the Peninsula". This combined with the equally unfortunate omission of all dates—which in such a work should appear on the top of every page—makes the story of the campaigns most difficult to follow and irritating to refer to. To give an example:—A brief headline of "Campaign of 1812" over the left page (496), with "Storming of Badajoz" above the right page (497), would at least double the value of the book as a work of reference. So with the maps, in a work of this sort clearly drawn maps, placed at the proper places and inserted in a proper manner, are indispensable to the study of military operations. It is immaterial how roughly drawn these may be, if they are distinct and call attention to the salient features they are intended to depict. Those given in this book are indistinct, uncertain in purpose and at places illegible, are not always in the right place and are rendered difficult to refer to, since they do not open clear of the letterpress and are even, in some cases, inserted sideways. These matters are the very

A B C of military cartography and to disregard them nowadays is inexcusable.

One of the most gratifying features in Mr. Oman's work is his thoroughness in all matters of detail and especially in his care to verify and spell correctly the names of the Spanish and Portuguese places—in marked contrast to Napier. Captain Butler however is evidently a disciple of Napier, for he starts by expressing the opinion that, "It is impossible to answer for the correct spelling of names and places. Almost every town and river in Spain and Portugal seems capable of being spelt in half a dozen different ways". Having thus committed himself to this view of Peninsular orthography, he proceeds to act up to it with unflinching courage. Thus, "Barrosa" is given as "Barossa", whilst "aguardiente", being merely the Spanish for spirits, is spelt "aquadente", and so on throughout. In purely military matters Captain Butler is not always correct: speaking of his own regiment in 1809, he lightly alludes to it as the "60th Rifles" some fifteen years before it was awarded that title and whilst it was still known as the 60th (Royal American) Regiment. In this he emulates Lord Wolseley, who in his "Story of a Soldier's Life" caused some amusement by referring to regiments in the China war of 1860 by their long-winded territorial titles invented in 1881. Again he expresses himself puzzled at the idea of some British prisoners and deserters having served in the French army. He is apparently unaware that some of our so-called "British" regiments were originally raised in Germany, and that in the Peninsula their effective strength was at times maintained by enrolling in their ranks French prisoners and deserters. Naturally under such conditions things became at times mixed, and there is an authentic record of a colonel of a battalion composed of such "desirables" writing officially to make excuses for the misbehaviour of his men before the French on the grounds that they were largely composed of foreigners, and that finding themselves engaged against an enemy, in whose ranks many of their own nationality were serving, they were placed in a very peculiar position. So we should imagine.

From time to time Captain Butler indulges in somewhat severe criticisms and reflections on the civilian misrule of our army which has so often been prejudicial. Some of his similes are at least open to question. He compares the mutual feelings of dislike of the Spaniards, English and French in 1811 to those entertained to-day by the Liberal-Unionists, Conservatives and Liberals, and states that in each case the first, although compelled to act with the second, do so "unwillingly and in a spirit of arrogant contempt". Possibly the comparison which will surprise readers, both lay and military, most, is where Captain Butler assures us that "the charm which Sir Redvers Buller has had for the soldiers under his command, although not adorned, like that of Napoleon, by grace of manner is . . . indeed only paralleled by that of the French Emperor".

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

"Histoire de la Banque d'Angleterre." Par M. A. Andréadès. Préface de M. C. H. Lyon-Caen. 2 vols. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle de Droit et de Jurisprudence. 1904.

THOSE who have had occasion to study the commercial history of Great Britain must have been surprised to find that there was no book dealing exhaustively with the history of our central banking institution, the Bank of England. To the British inquirer, possibly, the absence of such a work would not be considered so strange as it would be to a foreigner, and probably those best qualified for the task find more useful outlets for their energies in the discussion of the monetary problems of to-day than for the recording of past events. Further, the Bank of England is neglected by the historian because it is still with us. But what our own writers have not attempted, M. Andréadès has accomplished with a fair amount of success, and in two carefully compiled volumes he has given us a very interesting account of the history of the Bank of England.

As an economist he was led, he says, to study our commercial development, and was astonished to find that the greatest bank in the world had never had the story of its foundation and subsequent fortunes dealt with in a manner fitting its importance. In fact, he mentions about half a dozen works as being all which can be said to treat of the subject in any satisfactory way, and as regards one of these, that by Francis, he points out that the author lived at a time when popular writers were too much under the influence of the author of the "Three Musketeers".

In the first volume the author traces the development of banking in England from its infancy to the Act of 1819, which provided for the resumption of cash payments for its notes by the Bank of England. In the seventeenth century there had grown up a class of traders, known as goldsmiths, who, when the Tower became discredited as a place of safe deposit for the money of the merchants of London, attracted to themselves the custody, not only of the merchants' money but also of the revenues of the county families; and their receipts for sums deposited with them are the earliest form of banknotes.

M. Andréadès treats the creation of the Bank from the aspect both of its political and its commercial necessity. We should doubt whether there was any commercial necessity for banking facilities in the sense in which the term is used at the present day; what the merchants wanted was some place where their money could be deposited in safety, and the new institution would be as easily exploited by the Crown as the goldsmiths had been. These had suffered from the refusal of the Crown to repay sums borrowed from them; money was required and the means by which it was obtained and the subsequent repayment were secondary matters to the Exchequer. With reference to the political necessity, it was not so much banking facilities that were required by the Crown as some new means of obtaining supplies; the Tonnage Act, which created the Bank of England, would never have been passed but for the condition that the capital raised was to be lent to the Government. When at later dates the privileges of the Bank of England were renewed, we find further advances to the Government stipulated for in consideration thereof.

Notwithstanding the power possessed by the Exchequer to avail itself by force of the money deposited with the Bank, the depositors did in fact find that their funds were safer than they had been when entrusted to the goldsmiths. No sooner had the Bank of England been created than a rival institution was formed under the authority of an Act of Parliament, and received the title of the Land Bank; its object also was to lend money to the Government. Fortunately for the Bank of England, the Land Bank did not meet with public support, only £2,100 of the required capital being subscribed, and it was abandoned. The rivalry which was threatened by the South Sea Company came to nothing, but the necessary reference to the company has induced the author to give a very interesting account of that extraordinary wave of speculation known to us as the South Sea Bubble. Of the many schemes projected, perhaps the strangest was that "For carrying on an undertaking of great advantage which shall in due time be revealed"; possibly we have here the first instance of a no-prospectus company.

The chapters that follow are concerned more with the general history of England than with the Bank, and M. Andréadès has evidently found it difficult to keep within the limits prescribed by the title of his work: we find a chapter devoted to the economic situation of England in 1790, and another dealing with the financial policy of William Pitt. The crises of 1793 and 1797 are next dealt with. In 1797, for the first time in its history, the Bank was unable to pay its notes in gold and the Act of Restriction was passed to meet the necessities of the time, yet to it have been attributed the most beneficial results. M. Andréadès quotes from Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt" that "the issue of inconvertible paper money was of the greatest service to Great Britain, being in fact a gigantic system of credit permitting the struggle against a gigantic enemy". He however rightly controverts this view, pointing out that the Act in fact produced almost

overwhelming difficulties through the absence of any check on the fiduciary issues of the Bank of England. We may find some record of the extraordinary ideas on currency questions prevalent at this time in the objections raised in 1802 to the proposal that the Act should not be renewed, and in the discussions which took place in the House of Commons on the Bullion Report presented to it in 1810. Notwithstanding the fact that the market price of gold had gradually increased from £3 17s. 10½d., its value in coined money, to over £4 12s. in paper, due of course to excessive paper issues, we find the House in 1810 gravely adopting the resolutions of Mr. Vansittart to the effect that the value of Bank of England notes was not depreciated, but that the value of gold was enhanced, and that the political and commercial relations of Great Britain with foreign states were sufficient to account for the unfavourable state of the foreign exchanges and the high price of bullion. Fortunately the financial crisis of 1815, to which there is no reference beyond a short foot-note on p. 330 (Vol. I.), caused so great a reduction in the total circulation that the remaining notes ceased to be in excess, and circulated on an equality with coin; this paved the way for the Act of 1819, which provided for the gradual return to convertibility of the note issues of the Bank of England.

In the second volume M. Andréadès deals with the various financial crises through which the country has passed since 1825, the dawn of joint-stock banking, and with the Bank Charter Act of 1844, which embodies in its clauses the arguments maintained by the adherents of the currency principle. The antagonistic views of the banking and currency schools are carefully epitomised, but on this question, as on several others arising in the book, the author does not favour us with his own views, contenting himself with praising both schools. Over fifty pages are devoted to a description of the two departments of the Bank of England; for much of this the author is indebted to that excellent little book "A Money Market Primer" of Mr. G. Clare, to which he makes frequent reference.

The Bank Act was not long in force before it had to be suspended. In 1847 we see this done, owing to the crisis which was brought about by the joint effect of the railway mania, the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, of the wheat crop in England and of the cotton crop in America. On the railway mania the author quotes Sir Robert Peel's view that this was the least pernicious since it was only temporary and in the growth of railroads was laid the foundation of future prosperity.

The remaining portion of M. Andréadès' work is the most disappointing, for it is of the history of the Bank of England since 1844 that we have the least adequate records. He passes to the crisis of 1857 with practically no reference to the intervening ten years, and the same may be said of the years between 1857 and 1866. He then leaps from 1866, with a reference in five lines to the 1878 failures, to the Baring crisis of 1890. From this it might be inferred that the Bank of England had no history except in times of crises, but we may more reasonably account for the author's meagre records of these later times by the fact that our own literature on the subject is very scanty.

Although the volumes deal somewhat exhaustively with much that concerns the Bank of England, we are surprised that there are some matters only slightly mentioned and others omitted which should be included in any book which purports to give a full history. There is no record of the various changes in the Bank rate, or of the dividends paid to stockholders, or of the additions made to the capital of the Bank from time to time, and we should have expected the provisions of the various Acts passed relative to the powers of the Bank to be given more or less in detail, yet the only Act of which any special notice is taken is the Bank Charter Act of 1844, and of this only an abstract is given.

In another direction the value of the work is somewhat limited owing to the apparent unwillingness of M. Andréadès to express his own opinion on many of the questions concerning the Bank and its policy, due as he states to his want of that practical acquaintance with business so necessary in such matters. He slyly

adds that he has known others settle the problems in question without hesitation, though unhappily he was not long in finding out that their excess of assurance was not always due to an excess of knowledge. All who read his work will agree with him that it is difficult to write the history of the Bank of England without touching upon the commercial and financial history of the country, and we have frequently felt in reading the two volumes that he was rather wandering from his definite purpose by detailing matters unconnected with the Bank.

Notwithstanding these minor shortcomings, we can on the whole congratulate M. Andréadès upon the result of his labours, the extent of which may be judged by the fact that the list of the authorities cited by him covers no less than thirty-two pages of the first volume, and forms a most valuable bibliography of the whole subject. Let us hope that his history may be the means of inducing one of our own countrymen to write a full and complete history of the Bank of England.

HETEROGENESIS.

"Studies in Heterogenesis." By H. Charlton Bastian. London: Williams and Norgate. 1904. 31s. 6d.

TWO of the doctrines about which most scientific workers are in least doubt are denoted by the terms "biogenesis" and "homogenesis". The first of these two words covers the theory that all the existing animals and plants, great or small, have come into individual existence as the products of parental organisms from which they separated as buds or shoots, or spores, or eggs, or seeds, that in fact they take origin only from little pieces of actually living matter produced by the parent organism. Biogenesis, in short, is the theory that the living things we know do not arise by spontaneous generation. As a universal proposition, it cannot be proved, if proof be used in the sense of formal logic. In the simpler cases, as for instance the production of maggots in decaying meat, the meshes of a piece of muslin, excluding the parent fly, are small enough to eliminate the theoretical error. In the cases of microbes such as moulds and bacteria, and in the case of many of the infusoria, the sources of infection are subtler, and experimental error is more difficult to eliminate. But in the last thirty years, under a technique continuously improving, doubtful instance after instance has been resolved, and it is hardly too much to say that the possibility of doubt varies inversely as the skill of the investigator. This result has come from the work of no special school; it lies under no suspicion of having been hoped for too eagerly. Pasteur, who was a devout Catholic, and Tyndall, who was neither devout nor a Catholic, made contributions to it with an equal fervour.

The doctrine to which the word "homogenesis" is applied is the scientific summary of such facts as that figs are not to be gathered of thistles, that like begets its like. Here again, in the grosser cases there is no doubt; the difficulties of accepting or rejecting evidence bearing on the theory increase rapidly with the difficulties of observation and manipulation of minute organisms. It is not easy to convey to those ignorant of modern laboratory practice the intricacy and delicacy of the operations required. One of the ablest microscopists in Europe, discussing the other day the possibility of his devoting the next few years to investigation of a particular micro-organism, said to the present reviewer:—"The trouble is that I should have to give up six months to learning the technique of the beast—there is a man in—who knows something about it; I suppose I should begin by working under him for a time."

Such considerations throw much doubt on the value of Dr. Bastian's observations as evidence for the conclusions towards which he presses. Dr. Bastian is a very distinguished physician who has gained more than a right to be regarded as a serious person, and whose work in the consulting-room, the hospital wards and the laboratory, on diseases of the nervous system, has taken a high rank. The observations brought together in the volume now before us cover almost the whole

field of the lower forms of life. He has worked with many kinds of bacteria, with moulds and algæ, with amœboid, flagellate and ciliate protozoa, and with sporozoons, hydroids and rotifers. It is improbable that any professional microscopist would claim to be an expert on a hundredth part of this range of work, and in microscopical problems only expert evidence is of any value. The photomicrographic illustrations are no evidence by themselves; at the best they are an imperfect record of the appearance of the microscopic field at a given moment. A cinematographic record extending over a considerable period of time would be of great interest and may yet come within the possibilities of science, but even such a record would have to be accompanied by the most exact historical account of the methods employed in making the microscopic preparations so as to exclude sources of error.

The microscopic world as interpreted by Dr. Bastian is a phantasmagoria of shifting confusion, a dream of magical changes. Green vegetable cells have changed under his eyes into amœbæ and heliozoa; one kind of protozoan changes into another. The eggs of rotifers or of hydroids give miraculous birth to amœbæ, infusorians or moulds. The pellicle that forms on the surface of organic infusions heaves into life, not into any vague, unorganised protoplasm, but into definite and known creatures. Bacteria or spirilla (which are now regarded as plants) combine to form bell-animalculæ. The most varied exchanges take place amongst microscopic plants, diatoms giving rise to algæ, algæ to other algæ and so forth. Some king of misrule, banished from the upper and visible world, has found a new dominion in this underworld of the microscope, and heterogenesis and spontaneous generation replace the orderly processes of visible nature.

Dr. Bastian is well aware of the logical corollary of the theories to which he has been led by his interpretation of his observations. The intimate relation between the presence of certain low organisms and the occurrence of various diseases in men and animals is the most active principle in contemporary medical, pathological and sanitary work. However much may be allowed in favour of methods of general sanitation and of aiding the bodies of men and animals to resist the possible entrance of microbes, the main attack of preventive medicine has been directed against the microbes themselves. If a particular disease can arise only by infection with a definite microbe, come by descent from another microbe of the same kind, then those whose business it is to prevent the spreading of a disease have a definite, practical object before them. If, on the other hand, Dr. Bastian be correct, and the microbes of definite diseases can arise *de novo* either from harmless organisms or from unorganised matter, then practically all current ideas on the modes of dealing with epidemic diseases must be abandoned, and an unhappy world must bow before the malevolent caprices of nature.

The gravity of the consequences of a scientific conclusion is no argument against its validity. That the slow result of the scientific work of the centuries has been the building up of a stubborn faith in the orderliness and continuity of natural processes, affords no argument that the work of to-day or to-morrow may not reveal some corner where convulsion replaces order, where the wisdom of the centuries becomes foolishness. Biogenesis, homogenesis, even the continuity of nature are merely generalisations from observed facts, and, as such, lie at the mercy of any new facts that may be discovered. But the more striking the disharmony between any supposed new fact and the orderly continuity that, so far, nature has displayed to the most careful observers, the more urgent it is to scrutinise the evidence produced. Dr. Bastian's methods do not appear to be of an exactness congruous with the difficulty of his subject, and we are not ready to abandon belief in the production of like only from like at the call of a writer who groups together, as instances of heterogenesis, the polymorphic appearances of bacteria grown in different culture media, the sudden production of new varieties or species of the evening primrose and the transformation of rotifers into amœbæ, or the production of infusorians from an unorganised scum.

NOVELS.

"A Prince of the People: a Romance of Modern Royalty." By Major Philip Trevor. London: Isbister. 1904. 6s.

Major Trevor having determined to follow Mr. Anthony Hope into the intimate portraiture of imaginary royalty would have shown wisdom had he refrained from treading on his leader's heels in the domains of the gynecologist. Now that the newspapers spare us hardly any details of the maladies of the distinguished, we might at least ask our novelists to avoid matters best left to midwives. But this trespass is very much in the modern taste, and Major Trevor's handling of the physical history of the Queen of Arcadia will be generally admired. The book is spoilt for a romance by the purpose overlying it, and is ineffective as satire from the author's want of grasp. As a political gospel it is amateurish. We can all describe the evils of party government, but only an inexperienced novelist would remedy them by a non-party review under royal inspiration. The King of Arcadia is an excellent monarch who allows his ideas of duty to wreck his private happiness. His son and heir is (with his consent) brought up in private life, and presented to an admiring people only after a brilliant performance in an international cricket-match. The main idea of the book seems to be the necessity of removing those restrictions upon the marriages of the royal lines of Europe which, in this country, were imposed by the legislation of George III.'s reign. Major Trevor sermonises in a cheery and garrulous manner, and threatens a sequel. He should both read and think a great deal before going further.

"Ghost-Stories of an Antiquary." By Montague Rhodes James. London: Arnold. 1904. 6s.

Dr. James is more merciful than the Fat Boy in "Pickwick", for he merely wishes his readers to "feel pleasantly uncomfortable when walking along a solitary road at nightfall or sitting over a dying fire in the small hours". We are not sure of the result: if the dying yell of the tom-cat that slipped down the hollow ash-tree into the midst of the supernormal spiders arouses discomfort, it can hardly be of a pleasant variety. Dr. James ought to take his warlocks more seriously: some of them would be by no means unimpressive had we not his benevolent assurance that it is all just his fun. The title is not very apt, since most of the stories tell not of ghosts but of black magic in some form or other, hereditary curses and mystical toads that guard hidden treasure, unlawful dealings in occultism, or a bedroom that expands and contracts in uncanny fashion. The story that moved us most was one of a mezzotint in which fresh figures appear and, in miniature, work out a tragedy, but there is a horrid yarn (worthy of the man who dreamed that he was being chased by a bit of brown paper) in which a spirit makes to itself a material form out of bed-clothes. The stories are well written and have a pleasant air of scholarship, but Dr. James hardly succeeds in striking the true note of terror.

"Players and Vagabonds." By Viola Roseboro'. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

We have found these nine short stories of theatrical life in the United States uncommonly tedious. Miss Roseboro' writes of the side of the stage which is least interesting to the audience: the life of hurried journeys, of uncomfortable lodgings, of petty rivalries. Occasionally she hits upon an idea which in the hands of a humourist might be fruitful, but she is persistently earnest. The clown who went to China as a lay-reader is in her pages a most depressing person. In two sketches, one of a child on the stage, one of a broken-down blackguard who had it in him to be a great actor, she arouses a little interest, but the deadly weight of detail found necessary by conscientious American writers would crush even more promising themes.

"The Celestial Surgeon." By F. F. Montrésor. London: Arnold. 1904. 6s.

The opening of "The Celestial Surgeon" is most promising, the adventure of Thomas Knight in the

Yellow House is picturesque and leads one to pleasant anticipation of what is to follow, and there is considerable charm in the picture of little Jérôme in her early days. But the story develops somewhat dully, the interests of the plot are too various and complicated, and the book gives one somehow the impression of being too long. Dr. MacIvert, a very "uncelestial" surgeon, is in some respects a powerful original study of an unusual type, but he is not altogether successfully portrayed. Anne too, Jérôme's scheming mother, is a clever and uncommon study of an adventurer: in fact the whole characterisation of the book is above the ordinary level of perception—though Jérôme is not quite so delightful as the author imagines her to be. Miss Montrésor's style is pleasant and fluent, and singularly intelligent and free from affectation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Private Lives of William II. and His Consort, from the Papers and Diaries of a Lady-in-Waiting on Her Majesty the Empress-Queen." By Henry W. Fischer. London: Heinemann. 1904. 10s. net.

Were we all equally candid, we should all admit that scandalous gossip, whether about our superiors, our equals, or our inferiors, is amusing. It is the humanity of the record that makes everybody but prigs and prudes smile and read. The number of times a week—or is it a month?—that the imperial sheets are changed on the august bed; the exact position of the Kaiser's bath and the cakes of soap consumed; the war-lord's rage because a housemaid had swept away an unfinished cigar—all these intimate details amuse one, just as that depraved French novel "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre" amused people. And that "Journal" was no more written by a femme de chambre than this secret history of the Berlin Court has been written by a dame d'honneur. We absolutely refuse to believe that so shameless a betrayal of confidence, disfigured by the meanest spite from beginning to end, and occasionally bordering on the obscene, could have been written by a German Lady-in-Waiting. It must be one of those literary hoaxes,

(Continued on page 120.)

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which have become fashionable of late, like the "Love-Letters of an Englishwoman", and is therefore fictitious from beginning to end. If it is not this, it is the work of some political journalist who has bribed the servants in the palace to supply him with a background of tittle-tattle for his sombre caricature. But we must express our disapproval of the publication of such a book in this country. Foreign sovereigns cannot, like other individuals, have recourse to the law of libel, and for that reason they ought to be protected by the sense of justice and good feeling of publishers.

"Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott." By Mrs. Hughes of Uffington. London: Smith, Elder. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

This agreeable correspondence, now edited by Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, was originally published in the "Century Magazine". Mrs. Hughes, a friend of Scott, was the mother of Tom Hughes. The juxtaposition of the names is interesting. The letters are not quite equal in interest, but among them are some which readers of Scott will be pleased to have. There is a letter about Cumnor in which Scott expresses regret that the author of "Kenilworth" had not chosen for Amy Robsart "a more heroic death". Scott's first intention, it seems, was to call the story "Cumnor Hall", but he was dissuaded by his publisher. There are references here and there through the correspondence to literary friends of Scott. "Wordsworth is a man and gentleman every inch of him unless when he is mounted on his critical hobby-horse and tells one Pope is no poet. He might as well say Wellington is no soldier because he wears a blue greatcoat and not a coat of burnished mail."

The new part of Volume VII. of the New English Dictionary contains the second instalment of the letter P. Comparisons of similar works in which the same words are treated show how much richer this dictionary is than any of its predecessors. A remarkable characteristic of the words beginning with P appears to be that very few of them are original native English words. They are mostly formed from Latin words through the French; or Greek words which have been turned to the uses of the terminology of science. Others are from Spanish or Italian, Turkish, Persian, Hindu languages, and other Oriental sources. The longest article of sixteen columns is on the verb pass; and the dissertations on historical words such as parliament, parish, parson, and on birds and vegetables are full of curious scholarship and antiquarian and philological information which are in the highest degree interesting. One example may be mentioned: the common phrase "to come to pass". It is certainly surprising to learn that "pass" is not a verb infinitive, but a noun meaning "event", "issue", or "fulfilment". Who shall say after this that he knows his mother tongue?

We have received from the Superintendent of Government Printing at Calcutta the following volumes of the "Linguistic Survey of India", compiled and edited by G. A. Grierson: Vol. II. Mön-Khmér and Siamese-Chinese Families; Vol. III. (Parts II. and III.): Tibeto-Burman Family; Vol. V. (Part II.): Indo-Aryan Family, Eastern Group; Vol. VI. Indo-Aryan Family, Mediate Group. We propose to deal at length with the whole of this important work in a later issue.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

Both the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" are excellent. There is hardly an article which either for its subject-matter or its style is not worth study. Both deal with the tariff reform agitation in the spirit of confident anti-Chamberlainism; both are convinced that what the "Edinburgh" calls the "Great Consult" has already ended in success for the friends of unrestricted imports. The "Quarterly" devotes one article to tariffs and national well-being and another to pointing out the duty of the Prime Minister. The attempt to hold the Unionist party together by a policy of consideration for Mr. Chamberlain we are told has failed, and Mr. Balfour's duty is to declare his views fully and frankly in a way that would rally his followers for the prevention of a party catastrophe. In the "Quarterly" an article on "The Direction and Method of Education" considers the question of educational machinery and educational method as they have both been affected by recent legislation since consolidation and concentration began with the creation of the Board of Education. The writer thinks that what is chiefly wanted now in education is the interest of the public—such interest, he says, as tariff reform has aroused.

"The Making of the United States" as treated by a "Quarterly" reviewer who examines the ever-growing mass of literature bearing on the early history of the American Republic is an almost piquant revelation of the true inwardness of the revolt. George Bancroft started American historians on the scent of hatred of monarchy in general and British monarchy in particular, and only recently has evidence been forthcoming that

there is another side to the question. The British ministry proposed nothing which would have inflicted serious hardship on the colonists whose trade the Mother-country protected and whose frontiers she defended. The character of the revolt was shown in the lawlessness of many sections of the colonists and in their treatment of the Loyalists. It was perhaps Nemesis that the North should have to take up arms to prevent the secession of the South in 1861 over the slavery question. The freeing of the slaves laid the foundation of a new problem in the United States—that of the relations of black and white—with which the "Edinburgh" deals in an instructive paper. The negro is the South's one bogey and the anti-black sentiment is so strong that even socialists dare not attempt to run counter to it. Yet as the South needs the negro and must retain him, the problem seems insoluble. "The bestowal of an educational franchise on all negroes in the South", says the "Edinburgh", "and the drawing of no distinction between North and South would ensure justice to the Southern black whilst causing the least irritation to the Southern white."

"The Fall of the Directory" is an able review in the "Edinburgh" of the conditions which induced the French people in 1799 to welcome the rule of one man for the same reason that the Roman people supported Caesar. "They saw embodied in him their own absolutism taking the place of a corrupt and inefficient oligarchy." The Directory made the mistake of attempting to establish "a cult of patriotism" at the same time that they interfered with established beliefs. "The grave error lay in setting up that cult against Christianity and entering into a fight to the death with popular customs, a battle which the Church herself had wisely evaded in primitive times by adapting to her own purposes the festivals of paganism."

The reviews are strong on the literary and personal side. In the "Quarterly" are articles on William Stubbs, Churchman and historian, Horace Walpole and William Cowper by Mr. Rowland Prothero, on Canon Ainger by Miss E. Sichel, and on Matthew Arnold by the President of Magdalen. In the "Edinburgh" are articles on Aubrey de Vere poet, Bishop Creighton, Spenser in Ireland and Burne-Jones. The last à propos of the recent "Life" is a theoretical piece of writing. The main positions are two; that all great artists have concerned themselves with the life of their time, instead of being dreamers, and that of the two friends Morris did this and Burne-Jones did not. The fallacies are obvious enough. The majority of artists, in the periods to which the reviewer appeals, concerned themselves not with the life of their time, but with mythology. Morris was a man of business; he found ways and means for applying his art; but the temper of his art was every bit as dreamy and remote as Burne-Jones', and the latter was his partner in many of his enterprises. What the writer means is that the temper of Burne-Jones in art was of the fugitive sort, and if he challenges the Renaissance for an example of the same temper it is not far to seek in Botticelli.

The "Church Quarterly" is as good as usual on the theological and historical side—especially the second article on the Christian Society is noteworthy—but strangely enough this review seems to be absolutely deficient in literary judgment. Its estimate of Mr. Weyman in this number is really ludicrous. He is bracketed with Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. Merriman as a first-class historical novelist. There have been much worse practitioners in this most doubtful form of fiction—a form from every intellectual point of view to be discouraged—and that is all that should be said of him. There is much in the article on Eton, but we do not like its tone.

The twelfth volume of the "Ancestor" contains an article by the editor on the Fanes, explaining the common origin of the Earls of Westmoreland of that name with the Vanes, Dukes of Cleveland, Barons Barnard. The history of these and other houses of the name is well sketched, and beautifully illustrated with portraits. The editor also gives a much-needed notice of the Fitzwilliam ancestry. Mr. Round contributes an interesting article on the Beresfords, and a useful note on the Jerninghams. Heraldry is represented by "Canting Arms in the Zurich Roll" and the armorial bearings on the tomb of Bishop Metford of Salisbury. These excellent articles are well illustrated and proceed from the pen of Rev. E. E. Dorling. Many volumes of the "Ancestor" have contained charming reproductions of manuscripts illustrating costume, with admirable notes by the editor. Those in the present volume are as fine—perhaps finer than any in previous volumes, and if Mr. Barron's reputation rested only on these notes it would be enviable. But in truth all his contributions on costume and genealogy have been well worthy of the editor of a splendid magazine. We learn with regret from his preface that the "Ancestor" will cease to appear quarterly, and we earnestly hope that his promise of an annual publication will be kept; for we should deplore the loss of a magazine which in respect of matter and illustration has stood far ahead of all competitors.

For this Week's Books see page 122.



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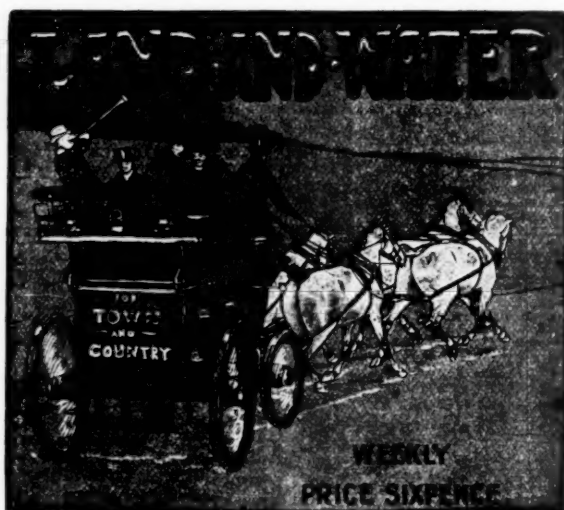
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To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. per Share on 240,000 Shares							By Cash in hand and at Bank of England				9,140,490	16	10					
of £60 each				3,000,000	0	0	Money at Call and at Short Notice..				7,909,988	16	5					
Reserve Fund				3,000,000	0	0									26,240,488			
Dividend payable on 1st February, 1905..				270,000	0	0	Investments:											
Balance of Profit and Loss Account				109,717	15	9	Consols and other British Government Securities				3,356,007	7	10					
				6,379,717	16	9	Stocks Guaranteed by British Government, Indian and British Railway Debt											
Current, Deposit, and other Accounts				47,672,355	12	9	and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, &c. ..				3,899,300	13	10					
Acceptances on account of Customers				2,153,290	10	6	Bills of Exchange								7,455,328	3	8	
															4,324,889	14	3	
															28,020,706			
							Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security, and other Accounts								24,149,807			
							Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches..								2,153,290			
															1,281,559			
															7			

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